

NEW STATESMAN

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A Defeat for Israel

The defeat of the Israeli Labour Alignment is naturally an occasion for rejoicing for the enemies of social democracy. This is only to be expected from the Right, where any such collapse is bound to be unreservedly welcomed and its perilous implications ignored. What is infinitely worse is the pleasure it will give to those elements on the Left who have always decried Israel's effort to create an egalitarian society, choosing to ignore the fact that the attempt has been in many ways far more successful, against enormous odds, than many such exercises in the West. The *schadenfreude* of those left-wingers who, while genuinely sympathising with the Palestinians, ignore the cynicism and brutality of so much Arab politics is as distasteful as it is alarming.

Nevertheless the swing to the Right in Israel was democratically achieved and cannot be dismissed as an aberration. Reports from Jerusalem – not just this week but over the past few months – suggest that the prime factor was economic. Israel has lately been plagued by strikes and has an appalling inflation rate of some 37 per cent. The voters who have switched their allegiance this time appear to have done so largely because they felt that Labour's approach to the problem was unimaginative and ineffective. The major corruption scandals in themselves were probably not vastly important. But the final blow – the enforced resignation of Prime Minister Rabin as party leader – underlined the impression that Labour no longer had any sense of direction.

Yet Labour's disastrous collapse – worse than anyone had predicted – came almost unintentionally. The centre-left defectors from the Alignment do not seem to have acted from any desire to put the Likud in power. It was not so much an act of faith as out of a mood of disillusion that many of them voted for Yigael Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change – a party of protest if ever there was one, since it has no major stated objective other than to reform the electoral law. Even if Yadin were to put this demand temporarily on one side, he would still

remain an unsuitable coalition partner for Begin, since the DMC's views on the territorial question differ drastically from Likud's hawkish line. Moreover, the religious parties have as great a numerical claim to be considered as potential members of the new coalition. So – and there are implications here which stretch beyond the Mediterranean – 'Israeli moderates' may have brought extremism down upon their own heads.

In the aftermath of their first defeat in 30 years, Mapam are desperately seeking explanations other than their own inadequacy. They have the traditional excuse (delivered, for instance, in Sweden last autumn) that the electorate were simply bored with them, and that the party machine had become lazy and self-satisfied with office. More dramatically, they point accusing fingers at the American Administration. They blame President Carter's 'arm twisting' earlier this month – his declaration that he would not hesitate to use America's 'full strength' to bring about a 'fair and equitable solution' in the Middle East. A bad piece of political seismology, they say. If only that speech had been delayed for a fortnight, the 'political earthquake' in Israel might have been averted.

Confrontation between the Begin Government and the Carter Administration now seems inevitable: the only question is how ruthlessly Israel's enemies will be able to take advantage of it. Here the omens are hardly propitious. Even before the election the bogey of 'an imposed solution' was being raised by the Likud: now the worst pessimists are predicting a turning back to a go-it-alone, 'self-reliant' policy, as in 1967. The historical comparison may be unrealistic, ten years on. The fact that it is being made is not. It may well have been with some such contingency in mind that Begin has been talking of a possible 'government of national unity' – traditionally unattractive to the Israelis except in the case of a major emergency. The election results are not just a matter of regret for socialists. They are a timely reminder to the world of the extreme fragility of peace.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

About His Excellency

It is with enormous frustration that I have watched this week's great story progress. It looked so splendid a week ago, just after we went to press, when the announcement was made. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary wheeled it in, like some enormous roast bird on a trolley, and left it for everyone to help themselves. The crowd tucked in. The press took the best cuts. The people who write letters to *The Times* – Lord Caccia, Lord Campbell of Eskan, Hugh Leggatt – were next in the queue. By the time it came to my turn, the carcass was well picked over.

And yet I have often observed that, when a great meal has been abandoned, there is ample scope for a good nosh. Those juices in the roasting dish, those delicious morsels of crisp salty skin, and Look! somebody's eyes were bigger than his stomach – here's a whole drumstick pushed to the side of the plate. The guests have long ago gone home, the host and hostess have retired, leaving the washing up for the morning, the embers are dying in the grate. What better moment to settle down to a plateful of leftovers. Here goes.

It has been said that Peter Jay's career has received very few checks. He failed to get into All Souls, and he failed to be selected for a safe Labour seat. Another failure has been overlooked, however, and, since I find that I am one of the very few people in the world who ever turned down Jay for a job, I can't help mentioning it. For he failed also to become editor of the *NEW STATESMAN*. We were not certain at the time just why he wanted the post, but he did apply, was shortlisted, was carefully interviewed and sympathetically considered. It was decided, however, that he was simply not up to the job. Reading his work since, and observing his television performances, I must say that I have never for a moment regretted our decision.

For he is dull, isn't he? I mean – dare one say it? – boring. Phew! What a narrow squeak that was. I feel quite giddy when I think about it. For of course it is clear now that Jay had it planned all along – editor of the *NS*, then ambassador to Washington, then chairman of LWT. The man is obsessed by an ambition to be John Freeman. 'Face to Face', 'The Jay Interviews' – the resemblance, when you think of it, is almost surreal. Say he lasts 18 months in Washington (at the most) wouldn't that be the right moment to step into Freeman's shoes?

And then would begin the era of 'serious' television, à la John Birt. I used to think that I understood what serious television was supposed to be, until Birt went off to San Clemente with David Frost. Now, apparently, seriousness equals shallowness, mendacity and Nixon. But in the good-old days it meant profundity, lifelessness and Peter Jay's strangely thin voice reading the

autocue, with odd pauses and gasps for breath. A strangely thin voice from strangely thick lips. A strange complexion – his best friends find it difficult to tell whether he is or isn't wearing make-up. Altogether, a very strange man. If there were reports that the Martians had infiltrated our world with almost-perfect replicas of human beings, who were now taking over all the important jobs, and if I were ordered to find out which these Martians were, my first suspicions would be aroused by Jay. Somewhere in the small of his back there's a control panel, programmed with some very plausible responses.

If he's not Martian, of course, it becomes difficult to account for his recent behaviour. Although most attention has been paid to the unwisdom of David Owen and James Callaghan, it is worth considering the choice from the point of view of the chosen man. The sequence of events appears to have been as follows. Mr and Mrs Jay persuade the Prime Minister to elevate their friend Dr Owen to the Foreign Office. The appointment appears to be a great success. Certainly, until last week, Dr Owen was consistently receiving the best publicity of any Labour politician. So, relaxing one evening in their Narrow Street pad, Dr and Mrs Owen wonder what they can do, in gratitude, for the Jays. Dr Owen has been to Washington. He does not like the way the embassy is run. It is appropriate that a change should be made in order to fit in with the new mood of youth and beauty.

Before mentioning anything to the PM, Owen consults with Jay. There is, after all, a considerable struggle ahead, and Owen does not want to fight tooth and nail to get Jay, only to find that Jay doesn't want the job. (At LWT he earns £800 for one appearance – it's quite a lot to throw away.) Jay is keen, however, and Owen goes ahead. By the time Callaghan gets wind of it, the job has already been offered. To overrule Owen would not be simply a matter of refusing to extend patronage to his son-in-law – it would in effect be to snatch away

something from poor old Peter's very grasp. How would he be able to face Margaret, next time she and the grandchildren came down to the farm? From Callaghan's point of view, the proposition is difficult to refuse. Besides, Owen himself is Callaghan's only success. Perhaps this appointment will turn out to be as brilliant as that of Owen. Callaghan accepts the *fait accompli*.

Yes, one can understand Callaghan's point of view, and one can understand Owen's. But what about Jay's point of view? If, as I believe, he was sounded out first by Owen, what must have passed through his mind as he wondered whether to allow his name to go forward? He knew that he would be putting his father-in-law in a very awkward position. He knew that there would be a row. He knew that Callaghan had been at pains to promote an image of clean government. He knew that Labour would be pretty annoyed. He knew, or he should have known, that with the present state of the parties Labour was particularly accident-prone, and that one false move could lose the whole game. Under such circumstances, surely the obvious thing would be to refuse the job?

Obvious, perhaps, to a human being. But to a Martian mentality – not so obvious. In a fraction of a second, the news is analysed, digested, beamed to Mars, considered by Martian Supreme Command (Tellurian Section), orders are beamed back to Planet Earth, there's a barely audible whirr of spools in the control panel, and the words are uttered: 'I-say-Da-vid-old-boy-what-a-wiz-ard-wheeze-yes-please-ra-ther-when-can-I-be-gin-click-over.' And so the deal is done.

Well, everyone is rather sorry for old Callaghan, who, they had thought, knew better than to make this particular kind of blunder. But the way the row developed, before it spent itself, was not so predictable. If the Tories were held back by their own traditions from criticising the PM's use of patronage, Labour also was hindered in a way by the sheer blatancy of the appointment. After all, this thing was not done in a corner. It was not like one of Wilson's strange peerages – inexplicable at first sight, and only finally comprehensible once one took into account the role of Marcia, and so forth. No, everything about it was terribly obvious: What the Tories could not decide was how to make political capital out of such a splendid opportunity. But soon Tom McCaffrey came to their aid.

I was not present at the briefing in question, but I find it very hard to accept the Callaghan/McCaffrey version of events. There is a lot of bitterness in circles close to the Prime Minister about the way the press built up the 'smear' story. But really it is not so surprising. There was a clumsy, gratuitous attempt to smear Sir Peter Ramsbotham. By itself this would not have been important. But the Tory press, and the Conservative Party, needed an 'angle' on a perfect reasonable story of blatant nepotism. The result, at the end of the week, is as follows: Callaghan has threatened political suicide; David Owen has lost his virginity; the editor of the *NS* has had a high old time riding his hobby-horse about the lobby; and we're sending a Martian to Washington.

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Anthony Howard

Westminster's Gossip Alley

The phrase 'on lobby terms', declared Harold Wilson 15 years ago before he first became Prime Minister, represented 'an essential thread of precious metal in our parliamentary democracy'. Given the threadbare nature of the evidence Sir Harold produced last week in justification of his 'cohorts of distinguished journalists' election speech in 1974, it is not perhaps all that surprising that he originally felt so much at home with a system of political reporting which generally sees to it that it is the messenger rather than the originator of any political statement who takes the rap if things go wrong. If only Sir Harold, instead of taking to the public platform at the Wesley Central Hall in Portsmouth on 24 September 1974, had simply summoned a group of docile lobby correspondents and imparted to them his secret, dark thoughts, what a lot of subsequent time and trouble he would have saved himself. And yet – as we have learnt in the past week – even the *oratio obliqua* style of communicating with the public is not infallible. I would even dare to hope that if one good thing is to come out of the sorry handling of Mr Peter Jay's

appointment to Washington, it could just be that Mr Callaghan meant what he said when he undertook on Monday to re-examine the method by which political news and gossip has traditionally been transmitted in Britain.

Certainly the sluice-gates are now wide open. When eight years ago this month Michael Davie and I wrote a piece in the *Observer* entitled 'The Prime Minister and the Press' – which lifted the veil, if only marginally, on the workings of the lobby system at Westminster – we were made to feel that our crime was only slightly less heinous than if we had passed nuclear secrets to the Russians. The lobby committee promptly fell into an agitated conclave, peremptory demands soon followed to the then editor of the *Observer* asking for assurances as to his good conduct in the future and finally a 'heavy mob' deputation actually turned up at the *Observer* offices with the express intention of making it clear that no such lapse of security would ever be permitted again.

Consider, by contrast, what has happened on this occasion. Not only have newspapers printed (if Sir John Hunt will forgive the

phrase) 'a blow by blow account' of what exactly transpired at the Foreign Secretary's private briefing of diplomatic correspondents on Wednesday evening of last week; the public has also been regaled with everything short of a full transcript of what exactly the Prime Minister's press secretary, Mr Tom McCaffrey, did or did not say to the Westminster lobby correspondents on the following morning. For once, the whole system of unattributable briefings has, in fact, been exposed to the popular gaze for the disreputable 'wink and nudge' school of news reporting that it is.

No doubt the man-hole covers are even now being sealed down in Downing Street – and other places where the choirs of government press officers sing. But, having once been given a glimpse of how this subterranean system of news gathering works in practice, the public is surely entitled to be told what justification it has, if any, in theory. For that, I suppose, one cannot do better than turn to Sir Harry Boyne, the former lobby correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who – loyal to the last – was to be found in his own old paper last Saturday expressing his distress and grief at the way in which the customary processes had in the case of the Jay/Ramsbotham affair so sadly broken down.

Sir Harry wrote in many ways a curiously touching article. His old school colours were on display from the start:

As a former officer of the parliamentary lobby journalists, an institution to which I



'There is no question of these treasures being put up for auction – at all cost they must be kept for the nation!'

was proud to belong for 26 years, I very much hope that it will not be permanently damaged by the current imbroglio.

This, he hastened to say, was not because he regarded the lobby as 'a convenience' – perish the thought – but rather because he was convinced that it operated 'very much in the public interest'. Without it, argued Sir Harry, we would almost certainly get even less political information than we are vouchsafed today. 'Trust', it appeared was the keystone – indeed it was primarily because politicians knew that they risked nothing in terms of having their cover blown that they were prepared to talk to journalists at all. Only by means of this non-attributable system could 'policy ideas in a formative stage be put to the test of public opinion and then discarded if necessary without loss of face'.

After that moving defence of what in other countries would rightly be regarded as 'news management' Sir Harry proceeded to the penitent's stool:

As political correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* I twice had to accept responsibility for inadvertent breaches of lobby practice, both concerned with premature disclosure of documents which had been made available to the lobby under embargo – that is in advance of publication. Having humbly apologised on both occasions I was let off with a mild caution.

It would be unfair, however, to portray Sir Harry as the sole custodian of British journalistic values, for by chance last Saturday a very different article appeared in *The Times*. It was written by Mr Louis Heren, *The Times*'s deputy editor, and it denounced the whole lobby system root-and-branch. The conditions under which lobby journalists were required to work, Mr Heren insisted, were 'Kafkaesque': the official government spokesman does not exist, he has never spoken, the meetings at which twice a day he talks to journalists simply do not take place.

Mr Heren, with ten years' Washington experience behind him, found it 'an extraordinary way to run a press office' – and so once (presciently enough) did Mr Peter Jay. Shortly after he returned from a reporting stint in America in 1970, I recall him writing a front-page news story in *The Times* registering considerable impatience with this 'behind the arras' style of political reporting. The Prime Minister of the day, Mr Jay suggested, wanted to move over to a far more open system – and indeed a few months earlier Mr Heath had tried to do exactly that.

Faced with grumbles from the lobby about ministers saying publicly and openly on television the very same things that they had said earlier and unattributably to the lobby, Mr Heath (through his Downing Street spokesman, Sir Donald Matiland) offered the lobby journalists a deal. If that was what was worrying them, then he would certainly have no objection to all lobby briefings being 'on the record' too. Predictably, the lobby journalists promptly fell into a state of nervous collapse (what was the Government trying to do to them – reduce them to the status of stenographers?).

After an embarrassed debate the answer came back from Sir Harry Boyne and his colleagues that they preferred to keep things as they were. Having scored his point –

and in effect humiliated the lobby – Mr Heath chose not to press the attack home. Of course Mr Heath's objections to the system may never have been genuine, democratic ones – he seems to have been more irritated by the lobby's pretensions than anything else. But, quite apart from the kind of mechanical failure that we have seen in the past week, there is in fact a socialist case to be made against the present system of Westminster reporting. It was best put some years ago by Tony Benn in a column in the *Guardian*:

Political reporting suffers from the operation of the lobby system. To say this is almost sacrilegious, for both lobby journalists and politicians are endlessly congratulating each other on the brilliant success of the unique

nature of their relationship. It is not difficult to see why. Under this system ministers and MPs can talk 'on lobby terms' to journalists, confident that nothing they say will be attributed to them; and journalists can always find out what is really happening without bothering to dig on their own. In this way what amounts to a partnership in suppression has been established which greatly damages the public interest.

If Mr Benn's words are ever to stand any chance of falling on fertile ground, they could, I suspect, do so this week. Mr Callaghan can even perhaps, for once, take comfort from Labour's October 1974 manifesto. For the record, it read: 'Labour believes that the process of government should be more open to the public.'

K. R. Sundar Rajan

India's Return to Democracy

Sometimes it is hard to resist the feeling that a benign providence rules India. How else to explain the country's return to democracy after the ordeal of Mrs Gandhi's dictatorship? When she declared a partial amnesty last January, I remember a fellow detainee telling me: 'The lady has only paroled democracy. Within a couple of months most of us will be back in prison.' But George Fernandes, who was to have got nothing less than a life term in the so-called Baroda dynamite case, is now a respected cabinet minister. Sanjay Gandhi is busy chasing reluctant lawyers in his frantic attempt to escape a possible jail sentence for his Maruti car project swindle. Courts are humming with activity once again, with hundreds of petitions being filed every week all over India challenging the many illegalities of the emergency. L. K. Advani, the new Information Minister, has smashed the shackles on the press at one stroke and journalists are back at their favourite game of ruthless hair-splitting. Delhi's police stations have resumed their friendly look. Said a senior superintendent of police: 'I should be lucky if I'm only transferred. Everyone is after my blood for what I'm supposed to have done during the emergency.'

The dismantling of the terror apparatus Mrs Gandhi build up since 1971 has been unbelievably smooth. One need only look at what is happening in neighbouring Bangladesh or Pakistan to realise what India has escaped and how mercifully. Even if Congress had won the election by just five seats, the terror would have returned. I heard from an official of President B. D. Jatti's entourage that a million Indians were under total or partial surveillance till 20 March. Even as late as 7 March when the Janata Party appeared to be ahead of Congress in electioneering, Bansi Lal, the former Defence Minister, was telling party men in Haryana that he was convinced that Indians were unfit for democratic elections and that the emergency would be tightened soon after the poll.

There was some uneasiness when Janata

chose Morarji Desai as Prime Minister, and his enemies gleefully pounced on his remark about the fitness of women to head governments. But his performance in the few weeks he has been in office has been a delight to democrats. And the men he has included in his cabinet are on the whole a vast improvement on the previous ministers. During her election campaign Mrs Gandhi often said that Janata had no leaders or administrators worth the name. But senior officials in half-a-dozen ministries I talked to do not think so. For the first time in years there is also more genuine discussion at every level of the administration and files are moving faster. A businessman said he was able to push through his papers to a happy end in a month – almost a miracle if one knows one's Delhi. It used to be said that agitators cannot make good administrators. But the way Foreign Minister A. B. Vajpayee handled his counterpart from the Soviet Union made one feel that diplomacy is not such a mysterious art. Gromyko said he had never felt more at home with Indian leaders – a remark most annoying to Mrs Gandhi's followers who had assumed over the years that there was something special and unique in the relations between Moscow and the previous New Delhi government.

Janata has been giving Congress one shock after another. The first was its very formation just before the election. The second was the election triumph. The latest is the smooth way in which the four non-communist components of it effaced their separate identities and finally merged into a single party on May Day. Jagjivan Ram's decision to merge his Congress For Democracy with Janata has been another big blow to those who imagined that bickerings and squabbles will hinder the transition of Janata to maturity and internal stability. All of which shows that nothing succeeds like success. This happened to Mrs Gandhi all the way from 1969 to 1975 and it is frightening to think that she might still be in power if only success – and Sanjay – had not gone to her head.

One thing seems fairly clear. The Janata

Party is not going to break up. On the contrary, the fear is that Congress may disintegrate. Congress leaders are openly quarrelling and a petulant Mrs Gandhi has kept away from many of the working committee meetings called to analyse the poll débâcle. The emergency has left the party with only a guilty conscience. Janata, on the other hand, has in Chandra Shekhar, its first president, an uncommon leader. Humble, efficient, a devout democrat, Shekhar was a Congress MP till he angered Mrs Gandhi by asking for a dialogue with Jayaprakash Narayan on the issue of governmental and political corruption. He is so universally liked that, as one observer put it, he can become a failure only if he makes a special effort.

Narayan, of course, remains the biggest asset of Janata. A wave of relief swept the country when the radio announced in its morning bulletin on 4 May that the operation performed on the ailing statesman at the Swedish Hospital kidney centre in Seattle was successful. But for him Janata would at best be sitting on the opposition benches of Parliament. He was a dying man when he was released from prison in November 1975. I remember the night he started sinking in Bombay's Jaslok Hospital. Under New Delhi's orders the body was to be secretly cremated in Poona, 120 miles away, and the press was told that not a word should be printed. Today, he is on everybody's lips and two Bombay film producers are planning full-length documentaries on his life and work. Narayan is well on the way to becoming this century's second Mahatma. Only a few months ago all cinema houses in India were actually being required to screen a government documentary depicting Narayan as 'India's own Hitler'.

Next month's state elections will most certainly add to Janata's strength. One should not be surprised if eventually it replaces Congress in all but two or three of the 22 states. Janata leaders realise that this is going to place a tremendous responsibility on the ruling party. While the rebirth of democracy is a precious achievement, economic recovery is no less important. The edifice of statistical success raised by Mrs Gandhi with the help of a controlled press is already coming down. Acute industrial unrest has been reported from many areas and pent-up grievances of the last 23 months are surfacing disquietingly. The Janata government faces the seemingly impossible task of increasing production while at the same time meeting the demands of workers. Among its first tasks will be the formulation of an imaginative labour policy. This is easier said than done, considering the growing impatience of labour unions and the militancy of some of them. Narayan told me a few days ago that he is appalled by the economic problems Janata has inherited from Mrs Gandhi. In a message just before being flown to Seattle, he warned his countrymen not to expect Janata to perform miracles. 'The country's problems,' he said, 'are very serious and vast and it will take a long time to find solutions to all of them.' But if the Desai administration finds solutions even to some of them, it will have established its credibility.

New Delhi

David Leitch

France's Daily Racism

One Frenchman in four feels 'a special antipathy' for Arabs, while two Frenchmen in every three are convinced that there are too many North Africans in France. These figures, from a new Louis Harris opinion poll, will probably not surprise anyone with any experience of French attitudes to their immigrant workers from the Maghreb. 'Arab', to the French, does not mean a bloke in flowing robes who has just bought the Ritz, but a surly type in asbestos gloves who has just refused to shift the garbage because it wasn't left out on the pavement the night before. Collectively they are known as 'Eux'.

But Jews? Well, the same poll reveals that again one Frenchman in four would never vote for a Jewish MP. And that a Jew running for the presidency could forget automatically about one third of the electorate, since they would never support him. This level of anti-Semitism is more surprising than the other kind to do with Arabs since there aren't very many Jews in France for historical reasons, and those there are (for the same reasons) are so well assimilated that identifying them poses considerable problems.

Nonetheless ancient stereotypes, including the Shylock one, are still accepted according to Harris. A majority of the French, 51 per cent, hold that the 'major fault' of Jews is 'love for money'. The same majority, in good company here since the view was propagated by General de Gaulle, also consider that Jews have no capacity for *tolérance* . . . 'Seuil de tolérance' – tolerance threshold – is a jargon phrase which has had an extremely active life since a team of sociologists from Nanterre began using it at every opportunity in the middle 1960s. It has been a gift to journalists and those who pontificate about social phenomena in bars. Its attraction is partly to do

with extreme simplicity, and partly a matter of metaphoric potential, which enables any moron to embrace saloon bar sociology and saloon bar medicine in the same sentence. Thus once the tolerance threshold is breached, a 'rejection phenomenon' is inevitable, and 'the cancer of racism' becomes either 'rampant' or 'irreversible'. The disease breaks out, according to this theory, once the proportion of foreigners in a given community passes a certain level. The plimsoll line of racial harmony, or the reverse, is usually cited at around 12 per cent.

Mr Harris is too canny to get involved in this kind of thing but *Le Matin de Paris*, a youthful daily paper of the Left which commissioned his survey, published his results alongside an investigation by their own reporters which very effectively destroyed the threshold theorists. The investigators discovered, for example, that such factors as the personality of the mayor of a community, or the proportion of former North African colonial settlers in the police and the administration, have at least as much bearing on racial harmony as the plimsoll line of immigrant workers.

In Toulon, always a flashpoint of racial conflict, they found an immigrant population of under 10 per cent, but twice that number of 'pieds noirs', former North African colonial settlers obliged to return to metropolitan France on the eve of Algerian independence in the early 1960s. The investigators did not say anything about the Toulon newspaper, *Le Méridional*, but I looked up an editorial they produced during the racial 'hot summer' of 1973 when 50 Algerian workers were killed. 'We have had enough of it,' they wrote then. 'Enough of the Algerian thieves, the Algerian hooligans, the Algerian syphilitics, the Algerian rapists, the Algerian pimps, the Algerian madmen, the Algerian killers.'

These comments were occasioned by the stabbing to death of a Marseilles bus-driver who was, quite literally as it happened, the victim of 'an Algerian madman' – the murderer had just been released from a psychiatric institution and his medical history indeed suggested he was crazy as a bed-bug.

Officially there is no racism in France, or no legal racism at any rate since the law of July 1972. But the *Matin* investigators paint a grim picture. They found police harassing foreigners, or 'dark-skinned' ones, as a matter of principle. They found parents who blamed their children's poor school results on immigrant kids. They found hospital patients blaming poor conditions on the immigrant sick and workers blaming unemployment on the same scapegoats. Although since most immigrants are young, single and male they are hardly a heavy burden on family welfare services the inadequacies as well as the high cost of such services are invariably attributed to 'les métèques' or 'les bougnoules'.

HE HAS A TOTALLY
DIFFERENT BACKGROUND-
PUBLIC SCHOOL-UNIVERSITY
AND THE ESTABLISHMENT



When Roland Barthes, of semiological fame, made his inaugural lecture to the College de France and announced 'language is quite simply fascist' he was referring (in all probability) to the constraints of syntax rather than inbuilt ideological traps. But it would certainly be interesting to know whether, as often seems the case, French is really richer in derogatory words for foreigners than other European languages. Certainly the *Matin* investigation demonstrated that racist feelings are so profound and widespread that the title of their series 'Our Daily Racism' was no exaggeration.

All the more so when times are hard. A general conclusion emerging tells us, like all the best opinion polls, what we

suspected all along. The idea that societies are somehow enriched by adversity may be applicable somewhere or another, but not across the Channel.

Rather apply to France the maxim attributed to Warhol. 'When something goes wrong find someone to blame – and stick to it.' The *Matin* investigation, apart from stimulating much chat about thresholds, produced an immediate increase of one third in circulation – a breakthrough which genuinely surprised its originators. It is worth noting that not all the criticisms aimed at the new paper have been political in origin. One of the most wounding – and characteristic – has been that it was designed by an Englishman.

Donald Gould

The Darker Side of the NHS

Roland Moyle, the Minister of State for Health, has had a shock. He has discovered that some doctors' surgeries are 'like a ganger's hut under the railway arches', and that in some practices the doctor is inaccessible save for a couple of hours during morning and evening surgeries. But the really depressing thing about these revelations, made last week to a meeting of the Medical Journalists Association, is that the minister only discovered how things are during a meet-the-people-Carter-type-walk-about in Hackney last January.

Slum medicine has been provided by the NHS in slum areas ever since the service started. Some 15 years ago, just before I abandoned the academic life for journalism, I did a year's hard moonlighting. I spent my days in the lecture theatre and the laboratory, and I spent about three nights a week and most weekends cruising around Islington and the East End in a Mini equipped with a radio-telephone as a sweated labourer working for what was then one of London's largest 'deputising' services. These organisations, which operate in all the major cities, answer calls from patients whose own doctors don't want to be disturbed. The doctor pays for each or a contracted number of visits made on his behalf, and the moonlighters (they all *are* moonlighters – there isn't anything approaching a living to be made out of the trade – except for the proprietors, of course) usually get a small sessional fee plus an additional tiny sum per call answered. In my particular setup we earned a handsome bonus – a guinea, I think it was – if we managed ten visits or more during a six-hour shift. We were encouraged to get into the sick room and out again and on to the next with the least possible delay. The less trouble you took the more you earned, but it was never much. I remember calculating that I'd be better off putting in the same time washing up dishes at a Wimpy bar, and I hardly ever grabbed that glittering guinea. It was a hard, exhausting grind, and I was delighted when it ended, but the year's work did give me an insight into the seamier side of the NHS.

Within my parish the deputising service's largest customers were single-handed practitioners who operated from lock-up shops in places like Bethnal Green Road and Cable Street. The shop part formed the waiting room, and the consulting room was at the back. It contained the doctor's desk, a patient's chair, a filing cabinet, maybe a glass-topped trolley carrying a syringe tray, a tin of Elastoplast, cotton wool, a kidney bowl, and a bottle of surgical spirit, probably an examination couch, more rarely a screen – and that was that.

A receptionist was unheard of, and in any case there was never space where such a creature could have roosted. There were no facilities for any but the simplest of therapeutic exercises, such as syringing out an ear or bandaging a knee, but that didn't matter, since the doctor rarely found the need to move from his chair during the course of a surgery session, for many of the lock-up proprietors had long since abandoned the pretence and ritual of a physical examination. They might take a pulse and even a blood pressure, and perhaps lean forward to insert a symbolistic stethoscope through a gap in shirt-front or blouse, but their chief aim was to get each customer out on to the street again as soon as may be clutching the appropriate scrap of paper – a prescription, a sick certificate, or a letter to the local hospital saying 'Mrs Jones complains of severe stomach pains, please see and treat'.

Although their premises were mean and poor, the doctors themselves were not too badly off. They had large lists, and since their practice expenses were minimal they enjoyed good take-home pay. They never lived 'over the shop', and usually had a pleasant pad in Dulwich or Canonbury or some other salubrious neighbourhood, well away from the tower blocks and Peabody Buildings inhabited by the people they served.

They couldn't be contacted by their patients after the evening surgery closed at six, or after lunch time on early closing day, or at weekends from Saturday noon until Monday morning. A notice posted on

the surgery door gave a telephone number for emergencies which was that of the deputising service employed. Telephone calls to the surgery number were rerouted to the same surrogate. There was no way a patient could reach the doctor himself when the surgery was closed, however great the need, since home numbers were invariably ex-directory.

A few lock-up surgery proprietors gave their patients a moderately competent service during ordinary working hours, undertaking day-time home visits, and at least spotting those who needed expert attention, and referring them to the right consultant. But others practised an appalling travesty of medicine, prescribing harmful or dangerous amounts of inappropriate drugs, missing the signs and symptoms of serious disease, delaying response to urgent calls until it was time for the deputising service to take over, and neglecting altogether those patients too old or too ill to make it to the surgery.

Sometimes the moonlighters employed by the deputising services were little better than the wretched 'principals' for whom they were standing in. Sometimes they knew their job, and were able to rescue mis-managed or neglected patients from dangerous situations but for this they earned no thanks at all from their employers, and certainly not from the patients' own doctors, who resented the 'interference', and wished the deputies to provide the statutory cover, and nothing more.

I understand that little has changed since my own days on the beat. Perhaps something (such as the urgent construction of health centres) will be done about it, now that Mr Moyle has sniffed the rot. And then again – perhaps not.

Roger Woddiss

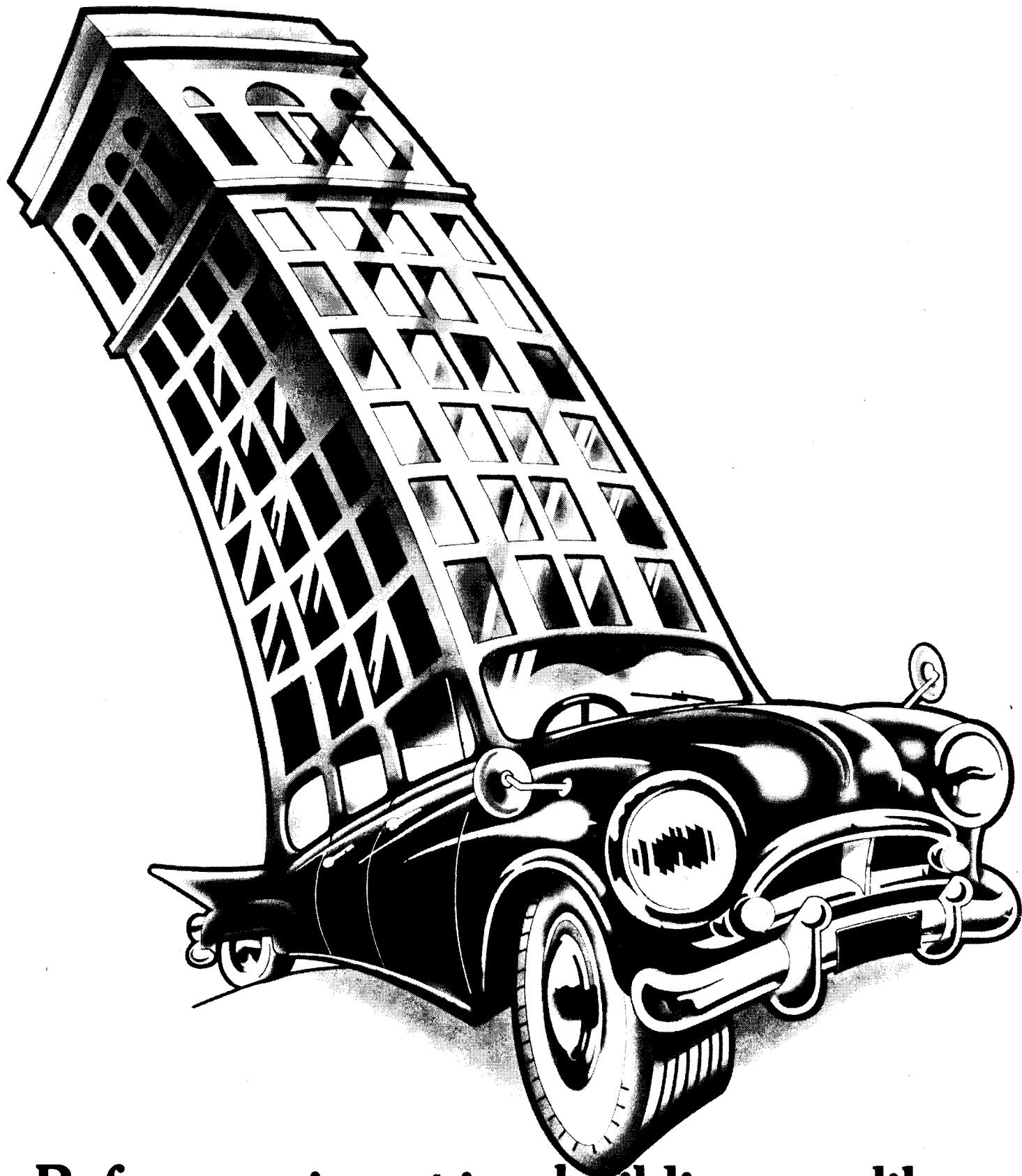
Smoke with Fire

In his evidence to the Royal Commission on the Press, Sir Harold Wilson has accused some newspapers of muck-raking.

What is this, the vicious rumour?
What is this, the dirty smear?
Is it meant to cause confusion?
Is it bent to match your ear?
Trailing clouds of smoke, Sir Harold
Wants a code to curb the press,
While conceding that the media
Are objective, more or less.

Honest views or innuendo?
Slanted news or fairly straight?
Making such a fine distinction
May defeat the fourth estate.
Trouble is, the truth's elusive,
Facts are often hedged with doubt;
Having asked his searching question,
Pilate didn't hang about.

Making headlines is the message,
Raking filth is part of it:
We remember someone smearing
Unnamed persons tightly-knit.
When it comes to propaganda,
Muck is muck, and no holds barred;
'Tis the sport to have the raker
Hoisted with his own canard.



Before you invest in a building, you like to know what it costs to run.

When you plan a new building, you plan an economic proposition.

To be sold, rented, or run by you. That's why you *must* plan your energy use first.

It's called Energy Management. Crucial, given energy costs today. Because every building designed to its principles is built to last-planned as it is from the viewpoint of working efficiency, comfort for the people in it, and long-term economical energy usage.

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The Electricity Council, England and Wales.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jeremy Bugler

Speeding Towards Death

In one of his 'As I Please' columns he wrote for *Tribune*, George Orwell examined 'our unwillingness to face facts and our consequent readiness to make gestures which are known in advance to be useless'. He chose as an 'interesting example' of these national failings a road safety campaign the government had just launched, back in 1947. It was called 'Keep Death Off The Road', successor to 'Learn the Kerb Step'. Orwell classed them both as hypocritical because 'the only palliative measure that would make a real difference is a drastic reduction in speed'. He suggested 12 m.p.h. in all built-up areas, granted it would be highly inconvenient, difficult to enforce and likely to fail. 'In other words, we value speed more highly than we value human life. Then why not say so . . . in the full knowledge that while our roads remain as they are and present speeds are kept up, the slaughter must continue?'

Orwellian logic at its most cut-and-dried, but his contention that we prefer speed to life, convenience to safety, has worn very well. At the beginning of last month, William Rodgers, Transport Secretary, raised the speed limits, from 60 m.p.h. to 70 m.p.h. on dual carriageway roads and from 50 to 60 on single carriageway roads. He was at once supported in the House by the Conservatives and attacked by John Ellis, Brigg and Scunthorpe's Labour MP, who said:

Directly because of his announcement more people will be killed and injured on our roads. Though we are all guilty of having a schizophrenic approach to this, it is no good MPs and the public favouring safety and yet having this approach to speed, too.

Bill Rodgers replied frankly enough:

That is fair. I say this of myself. We do suffer some schizophrenia here. We all want to save life but we all want to drive fast. We must strike a balance and it is in some ways a dangerous balance. But this is life.

Or rather, death. While Rodgers shows that he at least is not hypocritical about speed-and-life, his announcement is arguably an extraordinary act for a Transport Secretary in his position. He is the minister responsible for road safety at a time when casualties are climbing again; in 1976 death-on-the-road was 3 per cent up on the year before, while all casualties put together increased by 4½ per cent. (If these figures were about births rather than death and injury, the public alarm would be marked.) He is the minister responsible for road safety legislation that keeps getting shoved back in the parliamentary timetable. Bills to tighten up on drunken driving and to make seat-belt wearing compulsory are accident victims themselves, waiting hopefully to be introduced in Parliament, often opposed by police and hated by many drivers. The Blennerhasset Committee's recommendations on driving and drink may get a chance next session; so may a seat belt law

(although Lord Avebury has just narrowly failed with his Private Member's Bill) but equally they may not.

This 'slippage' suggests we don't rate very highly the notion of saving lives on the road, for all the due ministerial concern in speeches to the Institute of This or the Association of That, for all the 6,500 people who die in road accidents every year, for all the 200,725 people in Britain, roughly equivalent to the population of Plymouth, who have been so killed in road accidents since the war. When mobility's the game, a steady crop of accident victims appears to be publicly acceptable, and after a major road smash has been milked for its glug of horror ('firemen took three hours to cut out the victims' etc.), it is quite remarkable how little attention is paid to the how-it-happened, why-it-happened, or even how-it-can-be-prevented.

Instance: a coach driver appeared at Bristol Crown Court at the end of last month on a charge of causing death by dangerous driving after one of the worst motorway smashes that has ever happened in Britain. In it, nine people died. The court hearing was largely ignored by the national press, and the verdict was a one-par story in next day's papers, if it appeared at all. (The provincial papers in the West of England - 'local story' - gave it a better run.) This is what happened.

Robert Johansen, a 26-year-old professional coach driver, got up early on Sunday 4 July last year, leaving his home at 7.30 a.m. in his car to drive the few miles into Plymouth to pick up a large new Volvo coach. His job was to take a party of soldiers from the Seaton Barracks, Plymouth across the south of England to Lydd airport in Kent. At about 8.30, the coach swung out of the barrack gates and set off for London, travelling along the A38 and

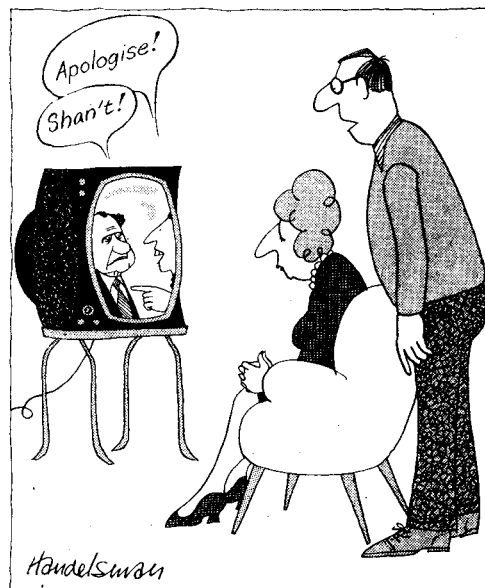
then the two motorways, the M4 and M5. Just outside London, at about 12.15, Johansen pulled the coach into Heston service station, and he and the soldiers took a half-hour break. They got into the coach again, drove across London, down through Kent to the little Lydd airport. The coach, owned by Tratherns of Yelverton, reached Lydd at 3.15. After another shortish break, about half an hour, Johansen set off for home, now with an empty coach. He retraced his route across London and down the M4 until he stopped briefly at the Membury Service station because of a heavy storm. The road was now in a bad condition, and driving was made more difficult by the spray being thrown up by other vehicles.

Johansen's driving started to attract attention. A Mr Michael Cox and his wife, from Gloucestershire, were in a van travelling at about 60 m.p.h. in the inside lane when Johansen's coach, with big lettering DEVON on its side came past. Cox gave evidence: 'I estimate it was going 30 to 40 m.p.h. faster than I was. I was scared stiff when I saw it. I thought he was going to blow me off the road. One minute he wasn't there, the next he was.' Defence counsel: 'You say it was going 90 or 100 miles an hour?' Cox: 'That is my estimate.' Another driver, a Mr Howard Samuel of Wootton Bassett, was overtaken when he was travelling at 55 m.p.h. (he thought) in the slow lane. He glanced at his speedometer to check his speed and thought Johansen was going about 30 m.p.h. faster. 'It rocked my car so vigorously I knew he was really going.'

At about 6.45 that summer evening, past the turnoff for Swindon, Robert Johansen had covered about 465 miles in the one day. He had been driving for about nine and a quarter hours, mostly at highish speeds. The jury and judge, it turned out, took particular notice that he had covered the 151 miles from Lydd in only three hours, averaging some 50 m.p.h., across Kent, through the London traffic and lights, down the M4.

Between 6.45 and 6.50 p.m., Johansen lost control of his coach. Coming up the opposite carriageway was a Buckingham promotions manager in a Rover 2000: 'I saw the central reservation barrier starting to bend like a bow.' Then the coach came over the barrier and towards him, going close enough to take out the Rover's windscreen. Then it hit a Cortina carrying two Indian families, Mr and Mrs Gurney and their two children, from Southall, and Mr and Mrs Tiwari and their two children, from Dartford. It killed them all. It then hit a TR6 in which two doctors, man and wife, were travelling before it caught a Volkswagen Caravanette, killing the driver.

Robert Johansen, a slight dark-haired man, argued in his defence that he'd been driving when he heard a tremendous bang, the windscreen had crazed over, he'd instinctively braked, and the coach had gone out of control. The forensic evidence - mainly that there was no broken glass in the coach - was against him and the jury by a majority verdict showed they did not believe him. Passing sentence Judge Nathaniel Blaker QC: 'It is quite clear you were travelling at a very excessive speed in bad road conditions. The fact that you managed to average 50 m.p.h. since leaving Lydd



'Cheer up. Even Roots had to end eventually.'

shows that your evidence that you didn't exceed 60 must be nonsense. The driving of this unladen coach at this speed . . . was a most dangerous act.'

Johansen was then sentenced: disqualified from driving for four years and fined £150, to be paid at the rate of £2 a week. Judge Blaker said that the sentence would have been a prison term had Johansen exceeded the permitted driving hours limit, to which he was getting close. (Johansen said his intention that day was to drive on to a service station at the M5 and see how he felt before continuing; if he'd continued, he would have broken the limit.) The judge told him also: 'You are a sensitive young man and the death of nine people will ever be on your conscience.'

Johansen's long, speeding drive back across the south must have terrified scores of travellers, as well as killing nine of them. Any motorway traveller knows the phenomenon of the high-speed coach is common, and coach and lorry drivers are regularly prosecuted for exceeding their permitted maximum hours. In this light, Johansen's four-year compulsory sabbatical from driving and his £150 docking seems gentle enough, and one can doubt the deterrent effect on other drivers. But Johansen's case it not unusual. Taking 1975, the most recent year for which complete statistics are available, only 12 per cent of drivers convicted for causing death by dangerous driving are imprisoned. The great majority are simply fined, which is probably only a minor inconvenience. Crown court judges

reserve their longest sentences not for people who drive-and-kill but people who steal-and-drive. Not only do we value speed above human life, we place property higher too.

Other cases of dangerous drivers let off lightly crop up continually. There was the Hampstead doctor who ran down two elderly women, both suffering from arthritis and walking with sticks, while they were crossing a road. He injured one of them fatally and drove on without stopping. He had two other convictions for failing to stop after an accident, but at his Old Bailey trial in 1975, he was only banned from driving for two years and fined £200. Where criminally dangerous motorists are sent to prison it is usually for short terms. A petrol forecourt manager from Carshalton went drinking one night, drank so much – several beers and 12 gin and tonics – that the pub refused to serve him any more. People in the pub tried to get him to go home in a taxi, but he refused and drove off in his Jaguar. After a while, his car veered onto the pavement and ran down two men walking there; one of them was trapped under the car as it drove off, and a trail of blood led to his body in another street altogether. The man died. A few days later the forecourt manager gave himself up and last September got six months jail, plus a five year driving ban. The year before, 2,792 people who stole cars got longer prison sentences than the forecourt manager.

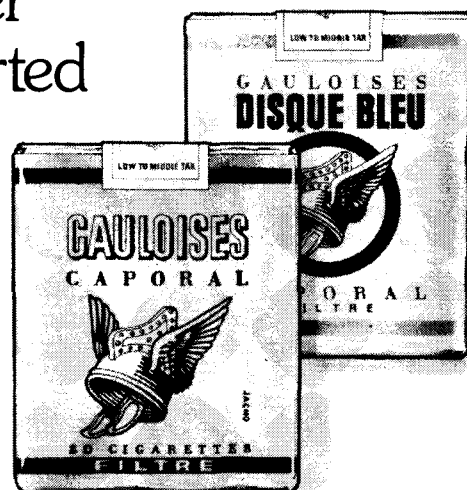
Society perhaps gets the sentences it deserves. John Bodycombe, a Metropolitan

Police officer, made a perceptive remark the other day at a seminar: he said that people tend to think of routine traffic offences not as crimes but as civil disobedience. Accordingly, members of a jury understandably find that they can put themselves in the position of someone who loses control of his vehicle more readily than they can metamorphose themselves into car thieves easing open a quarter-light.

If it is true that sentences are a reflection of our indulgence towards the car, then a change in the public mind would be needed for dangerous driving to be recognised as the criminal activity it is in law. Such a change probably requires a host of agents – serious public investigations into major road accidents, in the way that railway accidents get a full public inquiry, however trivial they are; action against the car-as-a-toy and the car as a measure of social standing. Bad driving indoctrination starts young. Thames Television's children's programme *Magpie* actually enters its own *Magpie* car into rallies. The car is shown, on the tea-time screen, careering all over the road in a manner held up to be admirable. Then there's the advertising – BMW's brazen boasting that its products leave other vehicles standing, for instance. It is a lot of work, getting people to try to see cars as simply transport. It may be, at the heel of the hunt, that no government in Britain feels it can try to initiate such a change in attitudes. If this is so, we are left with George Orwell's logic and Bill Rodgers's candour, and our own increasing risk.

And a very good morning to you—a packet of **Gauloises filter please**. Don't stock them? **We-** don't stock them? Then perhaps **we** are not a tobacconist. The shop front is perhaps intended to be illusory, a feint, a conundrum? What do we trade in then—armature windings? clerical vestments? phlogiston meters? I see—all other brands. Twenty please. Oh, assorted I think—as long as they're French.

Gauloises
from tobacconists



"LOW TO MIDDLE TAR"

As defined by H.M. Government.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

John Shirley and Martin Short*

Williamson's Law

In many ways, the real measure of the distance that the Metropolitan Police has travelled in its determination to clean out corruption lies not in the conviction of six former members of the Obscene Publications Squad last week, but in the brief appearance in the same courtroom some weeks previously of the former HM Inspector of Constabulary (Crime), Frank Williamson. Williamson was at the Old Bailey, for the prosecution, to block a deceitful line of defence that was being set up by the old OPS boss, Bill Moody (now serving a 12-year sentence for conspiracy to take bribes). In court it took him less than half-an-hour to show that Bill Moody had not been so very busy on the so-called *Times* inquiry that he could not have had any time to be down in Soho taking money from pornographers. Yet seven years ago, Williamson argued the self-same case – that Moody and his kind were bent – up and down the corridors of the Yard, and went ignored. Worse still, when he continued to protest into retirement, there were suggestions that he himself might be prosecuted, or his pension tampered with.

His experience is worth some study, for nothing illustrates the depths of the malaise that once gripped the London CID better than the treatment of Frank Williamson. More important, it underlines the worrying view that officers higher up the tree than Moody and his co-conspirator Wallace Virgo (also sent to prison for 12 years) condoned an attitude towards detective work that made the vast corruption of the OPS possible. That attitude, founded on the fallacy that London detectives were the greatest in the world, regarded any contact with criminals as acceptable, and looked upon corruption as, at worst, a minor embarrassment to be discreetly swept away whenever it arose.

Williamson's experience at the Met. began on 9 December 1969, when his appointment was announced as adviser to *The Times* inquiry. Ten days earlier, the paper had named three London CID men, Det. Insp. Bernard Robson, Det. Serg. Gordon Harris, and Det. Serg. John Symonds, as partners in a scheme to 'licence' Michael Perry, a small-time criminal in Peckham, to burgle in South London with immunity. The officers had taken £400 as a 'licence' fee from Perry in a single month. Most sinister of all, the tape recordings which *The Times* had judiciously made, revealed the suspect detective, Symonds, talking of 'a little firm in a firm' – a suggestion that inside the Met. there was a whole strain of corrupt policemen who could act in concert to protect each other, as well as favoured villains.

Previously, the Met. had carefully avoided the obligation of having provincial officers – or 'swedes' as they were contemptuously known – investigate corruption allegations on their patch. So the involvement of any

outsider was a slapdown for the hierarchy: indeed, some Yard chiefs actually consulted their solicitors about the legality of it, when it happened. The injection of Frank Williamson as adviser to, albeit, an internal team was positively explosive. Aged 52, a former head of Manchester CID, he had been Chief Constable of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Carlisle, and upon the amalgamation of those forces had moved across to Whitehall. His reputation was that of a model investigator, behaving with ruthless efficiency and a lack of sentimentality. But Williamson's greatest qualities were ones designed almost to alienate the Met. His views about corruption, and the legitimate relationships which police officers could undertake with criminals were unbending. He knew where to draw the line, and it was drawn with puritanical rigour, a product of his Plymouth Brethren upbringing. And he brought to his post on *The Times* investigation a deep scepticism of the arrogance and sloppy thinking that had been allowed to pervade the corridors of the London CID.

This scepticism of the Met. had been elevated in Williamson's mind almost to a point of law. Years later, he still recalled with clarity the childhood experience of hearing his father, then Chief Constable of Northampton, dispatch two officers to London on a job. 'You go to London, Mr Blake,' Williamson senior had instructed, 'and you take Serg. Allison with you. And you make the inquiries yourself. Because if you don't make the inquiries for yourself, they'll not be made.'

By the time he joined *The Times* inquiry, things were going badly wrong. Within hours of *The Times* reporters handing in their allegations to the Yard, just prior to publication, the story had leaked back. The major thrust of the inquiry had been directed against the journalists, not the police: they were ceaselessly interrogated, and the veracity of their tape-recordings questioned.

Later things deteriorated even more drastically. Memos passing from the Met. investigation team to Williamson vanished in the typing pool at Scotland Yard, and turned up in the hands of suspect officers. The inquiry's Action Book, a day-by-day record of who was doing what, vanished and never was retrieved. The lone Met. officer with whom Williamson struck up a workmanlike relationship was elbowed out – to be replaced by the chief man from the Porn Squad, Moody.

Sensing a concerted effort by the Yard's top men to contain *The Times* inquiry, Williamson counter-attacked. With Home Office approval, he pulled together a team of trusted, provincial CID men to assist him on what would be effectively a parallel investigation covering the same ground as the Met. Again it was blocked off, by Metropolitan arrogance. Williamson was firmly told it would be inappropriate for provincial officers even to interview London men, let alone investigate them for corruption.

He tried a different tack. It had become apparent that the original burglar with a

'licence', Perry was implicated in a wider network of shopbreakers known appropriately as the Coathanger Gang. Daniel Crouch, another member of the Coathanger Gang, had claimed he had been booked for a motoring offence by a police motor-cyclist at a particular place at a specific time on a specific day. Later he had paid another officer, Symonds, £15 to ensure the charge form was mislaid. There proved indeed to be no record of the form on file, but the verification or disproval of the Crouch complaint depended simply on contacting the motor-cyclist who might originally have handed it out to him.

The task of verification was handed to a chief inspector in the Met. but three weeks went by without him finding the motor-cycle cop. This so exasperated the provincial side of the inquiry that Williamson's sergeant took it up. Within two hours he had found the man, who was able to show that indeed he had served the form, as Crouch alleged. Since it had subsequently disappeared, the likelihood was that Crouch's allegation against Symonds was also true, unless another policeman had removed the form. Either way, it sounded like 'the little firm in a firm' at work – and that was supposed to be what the investigation was uncovering.

Gradually *The Times* case grew, implicating more and more Met. officers in what indeed appeared to be a 'little firm within a firm'. In particular, yet another member of the Coathanger Gang named Macdonald made allegations of corruption about eight more named Met. detectives. Since Williamson's officers had taken the original details, they wanted to pursue them personally. But at the London end of the investigation Bill Moody argued such a move would breach normal Met. practice.

Williamson took it up the line. A commander at the Yard suggested that Macdonald's allegations should be dealt with as a separate complaint entirely, by a fresh team of investigators. Williamson countered by saying that the officer named most frequently by Macdonald was none other than Det. Serg. Symonds, whose conduct was already under scrutiny. A deputy assistant commissioner ruled quite flatly that Macdonald's claims were out of bounds as far as anyone on *The Times* case was concerned. Only at the very top was this decision overturned.

In 1971 Frank Williamson resigned, frustrated by the lack of support given him at Scotland Yard. The following year, the bent detectives Robson and Harris went to prison, largely on the basis of *The Times*'s original allegations. The third man, Symonds, bought a motor caravan, sold some property and went abroad six weeks before his trial was due to start. No one had taken the precaution of confiscating his passport. He has not been seen since.

So the 'little firm within a firm' was never properly investigated. Certainly no one ever found out who the managing director might have been. Frank Williamson, the one man equipped to turn the company over, had the books closed tightly in his face. Some of them were opened at the Porn Squad trial last week. But it has taken seven years even to get a company search arranged.

*John Shirley and Martin Short are co-authors, with Barry Cox, of *The Fall of Scotland Yard to be published shortly as a Penguin Special.*

Parsons' achievements

Present-not historic

- Last year two of the four Candu units at Pickering nuclear power station outperformed all the other 67 nuclear installations of comparable size around the world, and a third Pickering unit was fourth. Parsons supplied the 540MW turbine-generators.
- The 800MW sets at Bruce nuclear station in Canada commissioned in 1976 are the most powerful machines of British design to go on load anywhere in the world.
- For 13 years Parsons machines have consistently dominated the CEGB's thermal efficiency table. In each of the last four years the *top four* stations had Parsons turbine-generators.
- For the year 1976-77 the four Parsons 500MW machines at Ratcliffe coal-fired power station generated nearly 14,000 million units — 900 million units more than the previous CEGB record, itself set by Ratcliffe.
- Six of the eight 660MW sets commissioned in the UK and the only ones to achieve full load, are of Parsons manufacture.
- The first 660MW set at the South of Scotland Electricity Board's Hunterston AGR nuclear station generated twice its planned output in its first year of operation.
- Since the industry was rationalised in 1968, Parsons has won over 56% of the export orders for turbine-generators obtained by UK manufacturers. Sets have been supplied to 22 customers in 14 countries.
- The forced outage rate of the last eight CEGB 500MW sets of Heaton design has been 1.58%. This rate compares with the published figure of 3.3% for American sets of comparable size.
- Parsons is a major employer of skilled labour in the Northern Region — the area with the highest unemployment rate in Great Britain.
- The CEGB has instituted a system of auditing and approving the Quality Assurance procedures operated by their suppliers. Parsons is the first turbine-generator manufacturer to have received this approval. The Company's Quality Assurance procedures have also been approved after audit by major overseas supply authorities.
- *Historic* — Sir Charles Parsons invented the turbine-generator. Parsons were first in the UK to build and commission 60MW, 100MW, 120MW, 200MW, 500MW, 550MW and 660MW sets.

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London Diary

□ The statutory definition of obscenity being that which has a tendency to deprave and corrupt, it is noteworthy that the only persons proved with any certainty to have been corrupted are the police officers who were charged with enforcing the law. It's true that Sir Basil Blackwell thought he had been corrupted by *Last Exit To Brooklyn* and the Rev. David Sheppard seemed to feel he had not held a straight bat since reading that work; but as Sir Basil was then a gentleman in his seventies, and David Sheppard went on to become Bishop of Liverpool, the effects cannot be thought to be serious. Far more damaging, perhaps, is the existence of a law which leads to gangsterdom and police corruption and the lesson to be drawn is surely that of Prohibition in the United States. Unnecessary laws, which are not supported by a sizeable number of non-criminal citizens, lead to serious crime. Perhaps the Festival of Light, forever concerned with our moral welfare, might consider launching a prosecution against the publishers of the 1959 volume of Statutes. It contains the Obscene Publications Act, a document which we now know has a distinct tendency to deprave and corrupt.

□ Only one other story to add to the wealth of material about the old days with the Dirty Squad. A lawyer told me of two Indians who opened a porn shop in Soho, but the police had refused to accept their bribes: apparently in pursuit of some sort of colour bar. The Indians in question wanted advice on proceedings under the Race Relations Act. And one fact, the Obscene Publications Squad tie is embroidered with a pair of scissors cutting a book in two (not an entirely reassuring device for those of us whose memories stretch back to Nuremberg). Can anyone now think of a more suitable emblem?

□ Congratulations to Peter Jay. I cannot imagine why anyone should think it right to discriminate against Mr Callaghan's relatives. But I am astonished at Mr Jay being constantly called 'young'. At the age when it is thought an achievement to become a mere ambassador Mozart was dead, Shakespeare had written *Hamlet*, and Napoleon had made himself Emperor of France. The truth is that we now live in an age when our most deeply shared emotion is fear of death (hence all the fuss about smoking, seat belts and should you eat butter?). So, in our terror, we call even the middle-aged young, and men who die at the age of 70 are looked on as being cut off in their prime. It's all very comforting. Perhaps as I, in my mid-fifties, totter to my feet on another serious case of affray in Walthamstow, people will wonder that such responsible work should be entrusted to such a stripling.

□ I see that Sir Harold Wilson has been complaining to the Press Commission about many things, including the matter of the reporting of the forgery of an alleged Swiss

bank account in the name of Edward Short. It happened that I was in the great man's company, on some business connected with the revival of a British Film Industry, when this curious document was discussed. A 'whey-faced' Chief Whip, it seemed, had told him about it as they trudged through the division lobby on yet another government defeat, and the sniff of danger and intrigue in the air caused the then Prime Minister, as always, extreme elation. The forgery, he said, was ridiculous; he knew little enough about Swiss bank accounts but he did know you didn't have your name stuck on them. The expert on the matter would be Harold Lever, but Mr Lever was unobtainable, always hanging round the Chamber, scared he'd miss a vote (Mr Lever had recently missed one). Sir Harold was sure Mr Short had never been to Switzerland, except perhaps for a package tour in the 1930s. He had woken up the Lord Chancellor at two in the morning for a full Judicial Inquiry. His enemies had gone too far, he chuckled, they had been caught with their trousers down and what he would do to them was described vividly and with glee. The huge pleasure with which Sir Harold described these dark events made his resignation a great puzzle to me. Never have I seen a man so happy in his work; he must miss it as much as we miss the entertainment value he brought to the drab business of politics.

□ Lord Chalfont, by way of apologia for the ghastly regime in Iran, has rebuked the Left for not sufficiently condemning the injustices in Russia. It's, of course, true that some socialists are complacent about the horrors of Russian Communism, just as some Conservatives may be slow to condemn atrocities in Chile or South Africa; but how this fact helps the Shah I can't understand. It would be an interesting new defence. 'My client should be acquitted of the Wimbledon bank robbery, my Lord, on account of the nasty case of breaking and entering in Cardiff, which doesn't seem to concern you in the least.' Where there is injustice the important thing is that everyone should complain about something, and as often as possible.

□ It would be inappropriate for me to comment on the *Gay News* case, although I see with interest that a public meeting is planned by the National Secular Society for next Friday at the Conway Hall. Students of the law of blasphemy will have noticed that it is only a crime to disparage or ridicule the Christian Religion and its Founder. The Prophet Mohammed and Lord Buddha should be advised that here is yet another case for the Race Relations Board.

□ More bad news on the Radio 4 front. The pleasant Saturday morning magazine programme has been abolished and replaced by sport. Sport! The music programme is already destroyed in the summer by an endless, lethargic cricket commentary. Very early in my schooldays I was able to form a clear opinion of sport; it is dangerous, it brings out the very worst in people, and it is extremely dull. I am delighted to say that there is no game invented which I

have ever felt the slightest need to win; but I do know an actor who actually cares whether or not he is victorious at ping-pong, and the spectacle of him battling aggressively across the table is not a pleasant one. I have a certain sympathy for football hooligans, the entertainment they are offered is so unbearably boring that it calls to be enlivened by a punch-up. True entertainment needs no such gloss. There is very little hooliganism at the National, and practically none at all at Covent Garden.

□ The return of La Pasionaria to Spain evokes a fierce nostalgia for a world in which it all seemed so simple, divided neatly into the Goods and the Bads, the black hats and the white. The war in Spain was my first romantic, childhood political cause; and the heroine was no doubt the handsome woman in black, who carried a tray of sardines on her head and swore that the Fascists shouldn't pass. There was even a rumour, no doubt greatly exaggerated, that she, unaided, bit a priest to death. However, when Russia invaded Czechoslovakia she handed in her note of protest at the Kremlin, so, perhaps, she might even pass Lord Chalfont's neutrality test.

□ When whoever it was in *Candide*, called on us to cultivate our gardens it seemed a summons to a peaceful, trouble-free life, remote from the splendours and miseries of the world. As anyone growing vegetables will know, the process calls for great resources of courage and determination and a struggle as bitter as the Hundred Years War. Three times I planted the peas, three times the mice ate the seeds. Then I hit on a cunning stratagem. Gorse was buried with the seeds, the mice pricked their noses and were deterred. The peas sprouted out of the earth; and now the pheasants have got them all.

John Mortimer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ There have been various occasions since he became an England cricketer when Greig has overplayed his hand... What has to be remembered, of course, is that he is an Englishman not by birth or upbringing, but only by adoption. It is not the same thing as being English through and through. - *The Times* (J. E. C. Thornton)

□ They have three young children and live at the moment in Ealing, which apparently again shows Peter Jay's sentimental side; he particularly chose that part of London to be near Winchester, his old school, for which he has great affection. - *Evening Standard* (Harry Creighton)

□ Yesterday Thomas was sentenced to 200 hours community service, and Judge Sir Walker Carter told him at Shrewsbury Crown Court: 'You have thrown away your character. You may have to become a dustman or lavatory cleaner...' - *Daily Mirror* (Alan Jones)

University Forum

Colin MacCabe*

Britain's Communist University

Back in 1968, when I was first a student, there was a theory about the role of the students in the coming socialist revolution (expected at any time). The universities, it was stated, would act as 'red bases' within society from which revolutionary militants would issue forth equipped with the revolutionary ideology which would enable the British working class to throw off the shackles of capitalist society. Even allowing for the enormous consumption of hallucinogenic drugs amongst the student population of the time, the unreality of this theory was quite startling. The far-fetched parallels between Britain and Cuba or Vietnam were remarkable only for the fact that a reasonably large number of people seemed to believe them to be more than the phantasmagoric productions of overheated imaginations.

This summer something approaching 1,500 people will attend the ninth Communist University of London – a week long event run by the Communist Party. It is doubtful whether there will be much apocalyptic rhetoric but, nonetheless, the event may prove to be an important step forward in the development of socialist ideology in Britain. It was in 1968 that the first Communist University of London took place and at that time some 200 people attended. Only the most optimistic could have foreseen that the Communist Party and its university would come to occupy a central position for students on the Left. For then the Communist Party was largely disregarded or derided by student militants. Was it not the French Communist Party which had prevented the revolution of May 1968? Was not the Communist Party identified with the Soviet Union which had just invaded Czechoslovakia? Was it not the Communist Party (as we moved into 1969) that was opposing moves to break away from the NUS and form the Revolutionary Socialist Students Federation?

In 1977 the RSSF is remembered only by those who are still playing 'Street Fighting Man' and reading Marcuse in the hope that the Seventies will just go away. The Communist Party's strategy within the student movement found vindication with the successes of the Broad Left, successes which were underlined at the last NUS conference. Internationally, as well, things now look very different. The French Party's insistence on left unity is more understandable today than it was at the time, while the British Party's independence from Moscow is gaining reality over the years.

All these factors have contributed to a situation in which the Communist Party is taken much more seriously by students than it was. However, students, whatever the stereotypes, are primarily concerned with ideas. And it is in the realm of ideas and their dissemination that the Communist Party has really begun to acquire an in-

fluence which, although more intangible than the political gains, may prove more significant in the long run. Much student discontent in the late Sixties was centred round course content. Particularly in the arts and social sciences, students felt that both the topics studied and the methods used to study them were unsatisfactory. The general disregard of mass culture in arts courses and the emphasis on functionalism in the social sciences meant that students were unable to pose, let alone answer, the questions that had attracted them to the subjects in the first place.

This discontent has not abated with the years, although there is less confidence now that a simple dose of 'relevance' or an increased quantity of Marxist tomes on reading lists are sufficient as a solution. It was the decision, taken in the early Seventies, to hold specialist courses dealing with particular academic subjects as well as basic courses in Marxism that has attracted so many students to these annual events in London. The Communist University has increasingly become the focus for dissatisfaction with inadequate university courses. At most universities attempts to reform either course content or methods of teaching have usually come to an end on some interminable committee. Students (who are at university for a very short time) have concentrated their energy in recent years on establishing alternatives rather than continuing to sit on committees which produce nothing but paper.

If the CUL succeeded in filling a real void in students' education, it also succeeded in filling a real void on the Left. It can be argued that in recent years the Labour Party has ceased to provide any overall theoretical perspective on developments within British society. Tony Benn, who might seem to come nearest to providing a new theoretical articulation, has, in fact, produced little of real substance.

Thus those on the Left are presented with two rather unappealing theoretical alternatives. On the one hand, they can enter the ever more confused world of the Labour Left where the state is understood as an instrument of bourgeois rule and yet one demands ever more state intervention in all fields of life. Alternatively, one can join one of the Trotskyite sects and learn how many times Trotsky was right. It might be noted, for those interested in such hagiography, that the Socialist Workers Party (I.S. that was) is promising a 'Revolutionary Polytechnic' this summer.

Of course the CUL is not without its own contradictions. For it conceives itself as dis-

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seminating Marxist theory and, at the same time, as countering the dominant modes of explanation within academic subjects. But Marxist theory is not a static body of revealed truths and many developments within orthodox academic subjects may substantially affect its own development (for example, the recent attention paid to money within bourgeois economics has highlighted the weakness of Marx's theory of money). Thus what is taught in the specialist courses often questions many of the accepted tenets of Marxism, and such questioning leads in turn to an interrogation of many traditional left policies.

It is this interrogation which has raised a certain amount of debate within the Communist Party about the future role of the CUL. Schematically, and unfairly, one could divide opinion into two camps. There are those who feel that the participants (both students and teachers) at the CUL are removed from the reality of working-class politics and that what is needed is an increase in the number of workers attending. Others feel that many militants in the party are too engaged in day to day struggles to see long-term changes of perspective. It was one such irredeemable theoretician who suggested at the post-mortem to the last CUL that the party leadership should attend the university in order to learn the latest advances in Marxist theory.

This contradiction is often obscured by another within the Communist Party. For many years those who have most loudly urged an attention to theory and the principles of Marxist-Leninism are those who have identified truth geographically as situated on the other side of the Urals. It is very easy to suggest that the divisions within the Communist Party are between fun-loving liberal democrats and sour-faced supporters of Comrade Stalin. But the opening up of debate within the Party on the new draft of the 'British Road to Socialism' has revealed a very different picture. Without commenting on all the terms of the debate, it is my personal hope that it will result in less rigid and monolithic positions. In the debate on the dictatorship of the proletariat, it is often automatically assumed that an unwillingness to believe in neutrality of the bourgeois state commits one to arguing for a state system run on Soviet lines. In fact, it may commit you to nothing more radical than proposals for the democratisation of the army and the press which have already been adopted by many trade unions. One of the most important features of any further development of the Communist University is how it will affect debates within the Party and how far it can stimulate a serious commitment to theory independent of a particular position on the Soviet Union. Such a commitment is now a political necessity for while some of the Western Communist parties have articulated new practical analyses of the state and the relation of class forces in their programmes and tactics, there has been a delay in elaborating the theoretical changes entailed. Such a delay in turn holds back further development at the level of practical politics; developments which will be urgently required on the accession to power of any of the Western European Communist parties.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

But for the Grace of God

I have written before in these pages of the relief of not owning smartyboots possessions such as yachts, barbecues, floodlit patios, vast cars, split-level dwellings, roomfuls of modern 'gear', penthouse suites and heated open-air pools (always full of leaves and other foreign matter, despite all that scoop, scoop) and I suppose it's nothing but self-satisfaction and smugness that make one pleased with one's lot and utterly content not to have been almost anybody else you may care to mention in history's pages. How very agitating to have been, say, either Nelson or Wellington, with all eyes on you and the country's fate in your tiny trembling hands. How very worrying too to have been anyone with a Call or Cause and in particular Joan of Arc, heroine of a prize-winning entry in the NS black joke competition ('How do you like your steak, Joan?'). But, in a strong field, I think I would least of all have cared to be almost anybody featured in the flowing poetical works of the American versifier known to us as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Wadsworth, I'm sorry to say, was given to spreading himself. Wadsworth's clever pen tended to run on. The complete works, given to us by the Oxford University Press (no strangers to pens that run on) in the 1917 edition, comprises 848 pages, and an average page, taken from a lowering and interminable piece called 'The Courtship of Miles Standish' contains about 450 words. So, when all is said and done, Longfellow presented the world with a cool 380,000 words or so of relentless poetry, and that is really an awful lot of words. And apart from this depressing lavishness, the titles of some of the poems hardly raise our spirits - 'The Lunatic Girl', 'Dirge over a Nameless Grave', 'The Slave in the

Dismal Swamp', 'Seaweed', 'Resignation' (to the will of God, rather than from the golf club), 'Weariness', 'Death of Archbishop Turpin', and 'The Jewish Cemetery at Newport'. And the personages that infest these gems are little better.

Take, for example, the young man in the famous party piece, 'Excelsior', a word meaning 'higher still' and one which has immortalised Longfellow in *Chambers*. Despite expert local advice and solemn warnings, the youth, who was evidently a foreigner, walked, as you'll recall, straight up a mountain side by night in the Alps (one pictures the young hothead in flimsy *après-ski* kit) and pays the extreme penalty exacted by Jack Frost, getting frozen stiff as a poker and dead as a doornail. His climb was hardly made easy by his insistence on bearing with him a banner with the strange device 'Excelsior'. The banner would offer considerable wind resistance and make for heavy going, and all this with weather conditions pointing to about 8 on the Beaufort Scale (mild gale). In addition, the pious monks of St Bernard, startled by the to them meaningless cry of 'Excelsior' as they trooped out, sleepy-eyed, to attend early service ('*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*'), were put to considerable trouble, having to load up a St Bernard dog with a minicask of brandy, push its reluctant body out into the snow, and tell it to start smelling.

Well then, almost anybody afloat in a Longfellow poem has reason to regret the fact. The good ship *Hesperus* was only one of several vividly described wrecks, but of course this one is especially heart-rending because of the presence on board of the captain's little daughter (no name is given. What can it have been? Dawn? Tracy? Cindy-Lou?), an enchanting and under-

standably timorous blue-eyed mite, rightly apt to clasp her hands in prayer when things are getting dicey. Of the captain's selfishness in taking her with him on the schooner I can hardly bring myself to speak. What is more, it is night time and snowing, clouds have obscured the moon, there's been a warning of Hurricane Hannah and the child should long since have been home and in bed and getting itself outside a glass of Grade A milk and a liberal handful of cookies. However, down they all sink to the ocean floor and find themselves with countless others, notably the entire crew of the *Cumberland*, Sir Humphrey Gilbert (who discovered, I hardly need to remind you, Newfoundland), and almost the whole of the French fleet of 1746. And before we leave this painful subject, let me censure our poet for heartlessness in the relish with which he describes the violent seas that drowned the *Hesperus*. 'Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!', he writes. Whatever interpretation you may put on 'Ho! Ho!', the words allied to the verb 'roar' ('How we all roared!') are most unfortunate and imply derisive laughter.

There is insufficient space here for me to dwell on the many disadvantages of being the devout and black-eyed Evangeline in a piece of 1395 lines, sensibly entitled 'Evangeline', for Hiawatha calls, though not very enticingly. I have never, thank God, been in a wigwam but the inconveniences are fully imaginable - smells, smoke, gloom and woefully inadequate 'toilet' arrangements. There was the added difficulty for Hiawatha in his boyhood and at his prep school of having to answer the age-old question, 'I say, what does your pater do?', with the information that his pater was the West Wind, which just blew from time to time. Ya, boo!

Further facts invite further mockery - a mother, deserted and dead, and a ghastly old wrinkled granny called Nokomis (a daughter of the moon, apparently), who lives by the sea amid talkative pine-trees which keep on saying 'Minne-wawa!'. And indeed Hiawatha's baby tongue has to lisp its way round the most frightful *Call My Bluff* words, such as Sheshebwug (ducks), Waymukkwuna (caterpillars), Bemahgut (vines), Kuntassoo (plum-stones) and Oka-hahwis (herrings). And indeed all the food sounds pretty off-putting and the best that Nokomis can scare up for the feast after Hiawatha's marriage to Laughing Water is sturgeon (no sign of the roes), pike (caught, heaven knows how, and cooked by Nokomis herself), pemican, buffalo marrow, bison hump and, as the sole starchy item, a little wild rice. This unbalanced and thoroughly over-proteined treat was followed by a cabaret performance given by the fully resistible Pau-Puk-Keewis, very overdressed for the occasion in a doeskin shirt trimmed with ermine and with inserted panels of wampum, deerskin leggings hemmed with hedgehog quills, beaded mules, and with the whole rig covered in swan's down and fox furs, complete with a feathered fan which he vigorously flapped, and with his shoulder-length hair 'parted like a woman's'. Oh dear! The sooner we can get that one out of the wigwam and onto the psychiatrist's couch the better. And I'm not too sure that that doesn't go for Wadsworth too.

STUDENTS

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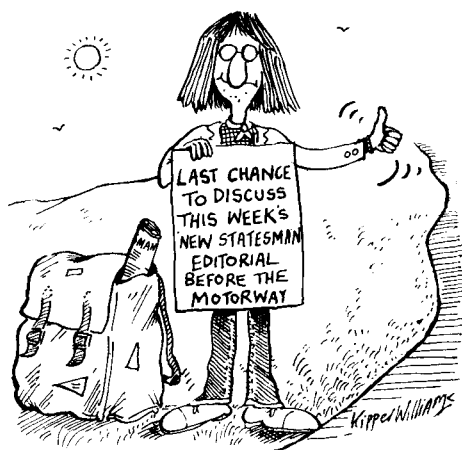
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Letters to the Editor

A Tartan Print for Scotland

Sir, Robin Cook's article (NS 13 May) on the book *Scotland 1980: The Economics of Self-Government* was the best piece of tribalistic journalism that I have read for years. Masquerading as a review, it turned out to be a bitter attack on the motivations and policies of the Scottish National Party. Perhaps Mr Cook is worried about his seat.

Not all the 13 economists who contributed papers are known to me; but there are certainly three Englishmen, an Irishman, and an American; two are Labour Party supporters and one was a Liberal agent at the last election. Two co-authors, I think, are members of the SNP. Mr Cook totally failed to recognise that the essays are based on the completely abstract hypothesis that, in 1980, there is an independent Scottish government. How will different segments of the community cope, prosper, or decline in such an environment?

The BBC Scotland support of this is described as 'overtly political': but surely any documentary or discussion programme must revolve around some critical hypothesis. The crux of Mr Cook's argument is that Scotland would be forced to unload her balance of payments surplus in the form of investment abroad (England?) - this alleged 'conclusion' of the book drives him to a fury. As Donald MacKay writes in the introduction: 'This asset, oil and gas reserves, could be depleted to sustain an increase in private and public consumption and would provide a noticeable increase in living standards which could be maintained for a few decades. As private and public consumption rose, unemployment would be likely to fall, at least initially, and within very wide limits the policy would not be checked for balance of payments reasons.' Mr Cook then goes on to point out that Scotland's last overseas investment venture - the Darien Scheme - 'brought ruin upon the nation'. This scheme was murdered by the policy of William of Orange (under the influence of Mary) and the English government, who refused to allow their Caribbean colonies to trade with the Scottish outpost. England forced Darien to wither on the vine.

Mr Cook's tendentiousness continues. Donald MacKay's 'solitary specific suggestion is decidedly eccentric' involving the purchase of works of art from the petroleum surplus. He misses out by the prudent use of dots the conditional phrase, '... to provide a good hedge against price inflation'. Why not? But, to be more general, this is not Professor MacKay's only conclusion (and anyway is one supposed to conclude in the introduction?). Again, NS readers are persuaded that 'only 12 per cent of employment', come independence, will be provided by the private manufacturing sector. This is a Bad Thing. Unfortunately Mr Cook has failed to read the book, for the author of the relevant paper points that increments to that sector - which *must* be induced somehow - have historically been in small, slowly-growing plants with low levels of technological sophistication and employing few skilled personnel. The joint authors suggest that an independent Scottish government would be able to remedy this historical pattern by applying industrial development policies more relevant to the needs of the nation. The invocation of Viscount Weir's prediction of a 40 per cent drop in his Group's Scottish employment really is a red herring, for Weir is also a leader of the 'Scotland is British' campaign; and, I understand, is closing his large Yoker works anyway.

To carry on sniping at Mr Cook would be tedious. A final example, however, must be made: he claims that 'the cat is let out of the bag ... by one contributor's speculation that "a self-governing Scotland would be a compact and small economy which is amenable to fairly centralised and integrated administration"'. Some cat, some bag! Finally, Mr Cook describes the independent contributors to the book as a 'cabal'. May I remind him that the Caroline Cabal, although a committee for foreign affairs, was the precursor of the contemporary British cabinet?

20 Dean Terrace
Edinburgh

JOHN EVANS

Affluence and Socialism

Sir, Whether Bernard Harrison (Letters 13 May) is right about Mervyn Jones I don't know, but he's certainly got my number. Yes, my egalitarianism springs from a small shop-keeping background, although no, my parents were not Methodists, but contemptuous of all those who selfishly held on to what they had whilst claiming to be followers of 'the pale socialist of Galilee'.

And I must confess it is contempt as well as anger that I still feel today when I see Europeans and Americans, some of them calling themselves socialists and Christians, hailing taxis and drinking double whiskies and fighting, yes, fighting, to ensure that their large houses and comfortable furniture will be kept safely

out of the hands of those poorer and less pushy than themselves.

Are the Harrisons of this world so blinded by stupid greed as not to recognise the simple arithmetical flaw in their 'material luxury is a virtuous motive' boast? Do they seriously suppose this planet capable of supporting five or six thousand million humans peaceably trying to hail taxis, drink double whiskies and plan for two holidays a year in Majorca?

PETER BRIDGER

6 Pontcanna Street
Cardiff

Privacy and the Press

Sir, Poor Mr Wacks (Letters 13 May) seems in quite a tizzy. Oh dear! Oh dear! he regards me as that *très méchant animal qui se défend quand on l'attaque*. But I assure you, dear Mr Editor, there is nothing vicious about him. Vicious? Perhaps. Didactic? Of course ... he is a Lecturer. Repetitive? Obviously. Towards such men one must show compassion. Not argument, for it raises the blood pressure! And contradiction could be fatal.

HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

House of Lords

Mr Aitken's At Home

Sir, I should be sorry if even Patricia Cosgrove's diary continued in a state of untrue belief induced by James Fenton (NS 29 April); and in default of anyone else's writing to correct it, I hope you will allow me to do so.

It is only with great reluctance that Professor Hayek is led to the conclusion that social justice is a mirage. He is far from advocating a system of social injustice, or relishing the

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hard consequences that can result from a system of laissez-faire. Rich countries can well, he maintains, pay supplementary benefits to ensure that nobody falls below a certain minimum standard. But this should be seen, he argues, as an exercise of compassion and humanitarian principle, not of justice. Justice, although still strongly felt among men, is too vague a notion, giving rise to too many competing grounds of allocation, to afford a satisfactory basis of distribution; and any attempt at any authoritative assignment of wealth according to the dictates of justice is incompatible with freedom, and leads to authoritarianism.

I acknowledge the force of Hayek's argument, but do not allow all his conclusions as inescapable. I do not think the feeling for justice is a sort of taboo left over from primitive society, but regard it, rather, as an essential feature of every society. The canons of social justice are, as Hayek complains, multiple, and can give rise to conflicting claims; but so, too, are the canons of liberty, and, much as we have to weigh the demands of one sort of freedom against another, so we have to adjudicate between different arguments of justice. Hayek is right in saying that we cannot have complete social justice if we are to have any freedom at all – any more than we can have complete equality or complete anything else – but it does not follow that we cannot have any social justice. Indeed, we do, and have to, apply canons of social justice, not only in determining how much public officials should be paid, but for discussing, for example, what are fair systems of conscription or taxation?

Behind this controversy is a more fundamental one about the nature of social justice. Social justice has been elucidated, wrongly I think, in terms of equality, and many people, seeing the disastrous effects of egalitarianism in Britain, have concluded that social justice must be a mistaken ideal. Social justice has thus become a monopoly of the Left, while the Right have urged us to concern ourselves only with liberty, and pursue hard-line policies of laissez-faire. The mistake lies in our elucidation of justice, not, as the Right suppose, our valuing it. Although justice sometimes leads to egalitarian conclusions, it often does not; and a rejection of egalitarianism does not carry with it an unconcern for justice, or a fundamentally amoral approach to politics. Justice should no more be a monopoly of the Left than liberty of the Right. The real controversy is not between justice and liberty, but between the different weights to be given to different considerations of justice and different ideals of liberty, all of them important, none to the exclusion of everything else.

J. R. LUCAS

Merton College
Oxford

The Exception or the Rule?

Sir, As long as England is willing to accept foreign investment (no one in England really seems against that), then the outcries against exclusions in the Companies Act, 1976 (NS 29 April), are worse than useless. Holding companies having only non-nominative, bearer's shares are commonly used in many 'respected' business circles in Switzerland, Holland, Luxemborg, and elsewhere including such tax-haven localities as Lichtenstein and Panama. Quite obviously, no one learns anything when the names of such holding companies are given as owner of more than 5 per cent of the shares of a British company. At least under the Companies Act, 1976, there is the slight possibility that those excluded from being placed on the public record may decide to hold the shares in their own name, thus giving at least the Secretary of State such information. The realities of international busi-

ness are such that most non-resident investors in the UK will make their investments through non-UK holding companies whether they are excluded or included under the Companies Act, 1976, and it will, thus, be impossible to determine who are the real owners of the shares.

ALAN JACKSON

PO Box 177
1211 Geneva

Basic Misapprehension

Sir, In Valentine Cunningham's review (NS 6 May) of *Complementaries*, I. A. Richards is described – in a grotesque metaphor – as 'joint-begetter with C. K. Ogden of Basic English'. This recurrent error needs correcting not only in fairness to the memory of C.K.O. but to ensure that the primary, down-to-earth purpose for which he devised the system is not lost sight of. Though Dr Richards has written much about Basic English and found various uses for it, in his best known works its aim of providing a second, or international, language for everyone (not, be it noted, just an elite) is not always in clear view from the misty mountain tops.

F. J. DANIELS

31a Abbey Road
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Amin the Intolerable

Sir, Your editorial on Amin (NS 13 May) was very welcome, especially since the Left has been far too reluctant to condemn the fascist state created in Uganda under Amin's rule.

We need, though, to go much further. Through trade links Britain is supporting Amin's tyranny and the same right-wing forces which have opportunistically opposed Amin on racist grounds are notably silent on the growing trade between the two countries.

Official statistics are hard to come by, since there is censorship in Uganda. Nevertheless, Britain accounts for some 30 per cent of all Ugandan foreign trade and for various reasons British trade is so vital to Amin's economy that we could easily cripple it by freezing all trade with Uganda.

Moreover, the weekly shuttle service between Stansted airport and Kampala directly props up Amin's regime. The important aspect of the shuttle is that it underpins and services the military elite surrounding Amin: the coffee brought in to Britain gives him valuable foreign exchange, and the luxury goods bought up and taken out provide booty for his henchmen and keep them contented.

Consequently, it is not enough to ban Amin from attending the Commonwealth Conference. We need to boycott all trade with Uganda and the Labour movement is best placed to do this: immediately by blacking the Stansted shuttle and then by pressing for a boycott of all economic links until such time as the Ugandan people are able to regroup and overthrow Amin's murderous regime.

A meeting has been called for next Thursday in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1, to be addressed by Joan Lester MP, in order to press for such an objective.

PETER HAIN

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London SW15

Night Ride

Sir, Radio 4, which Crucifer criticises for not providing an election programme (NS 6 May) probably deemed it best and cheapest to leave local elections to local radio. If he had tuned in to 206 metres medium wave, he could have sat in bed and heard every last GLC result on Radio London, with witty comment and erudite analysis. Pity he didn't make the most of it. If Lord Annan has his way we may be

indistinguishable from the commercial stations next year.

JOHN MURRAY
Acting Manager

BBC Radio London
35a Marylebone High Street
London W1

Stand Accused

Sir, John Mortimer (London Diary, NS 13 May) tells us of 'a jury of bewildered Midlands car workers' being advised by the prosecutor that the accused had two diamond rings '*sub pene* and *inter testibus*'. Their bewilderment is entirely justified; they must have been wondering just what kind of dim-bulb would use '*inter*' with an ablative when any self-respecting juror knows it takes the accusative.

B. A. HENMAN

48 Wodeland Avenue
Guildford, Surrey

Never Mined

Sir, Benedict Nightingale (NS 6 May) mentions 'miners from Otley and busmen from Batley'; I've lived on the edge of Otley for over 30 years and never seen a miner – nor, come to that, a mine. We've a couple of cattle markets and a nearby paper mill – but we're minus mines. Dig deeper, Mr Nightingale, for accuracy.

EDITH SIMPSON

Rosebourne House
Huby, Leeds

Lord Moyne

Sir, In a recent review in your columns of Diana Mosley's memoirs, (NS 15 April) I reported the remark 'but Mr Brand, what would I do with a million Jews?' and attributed it to the late Lord Moyne.

I now recognise that there is no evidence that that remark was made by Lord Moyne (who was of course, subsequently murdered by the Stern Gang) and I should like to apologise to those to whom the repetition of the remark has caused distress.

HUGH THOMAS

29 Ladbroke Grove
London W11

Well Turned-Out

Sir, Mr Arthur Marshall is wrong about Ben Turpin's eyes (NS 6 May). They weren't crossed; they turned *out*, one at a considerably greater angle than the other, if memory serves. He, certainly, could have taught Mr Marshall a thing or two about peripheral vision.

GODFREY FITZSIMONS

21 The Willows
Dublin

Dead or Alive?

Sir, Does any NEW STATESMAN reader know what happened to the Havelock Ellis Society launched in London many years ago under the aegis of François Lafitte (Françoise Deliste's son)? Is it extinct or extant?

INGE HYDE

8 Queen Court
Queen Square
London WC1

Teeth 'n' Sails

Sir, For all I know, President Carter *may* be a 'practised sailor', but what I actually wrote (NS 13 May) was 'practised smiler'.

Apologies to confused readers.

ROGER WODDIS

6 Windsor Road
London N13

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Neal Ascherson

Barbarians at the Gate

Enemies of Society by PAUL JOHNSON
Weidenfeld £5.95

Outside the headmaster's study, winding from the green baize door to halfway up the stairs, waits the queue. Whacks and screams suggest that Teilhard de Chardin is having a rough time in there. Paul Tillich and Marcuse stuff paper into their trouser-seats; Fanon and Schoenberg begin to snivel; Sartre, Marx, Freud, Diocletian, Meinhof, Laing, Lévi-Strauss, Cicero, the rulers of independent Africa, Francis Bacon, Edmund Leach . . . the Rev. Paul Johnson BA is going to root this thing out before it spreads any further. 'You'll think twice before undermining civilisation again. Touch your toes . . .'

This book is cross. But it is adventurous, learned and vehemently funny. Paul Johnson is one of the British masters of polemic, and he has summoned together all his enormous reading, all his prejudices and loves, into a political testament.

The book is about what Mr Johnson calls 'civilisation'. Whatever that is, why does it decline? He begins with a huge, rapid sketch of the history of the human race, the chalk squeaking and snapping on the blackboard as he draws. Neolithic societies and the first city cultures could not progress because they were not free. The Roman republic promised well ('a liberal economic process presided over by a night-watchman state'), but the Roman Empire fell because slavery paralysed initiative and prevented the emergence of a freedom-loving middle class. The barbarians who succeeded were in many respects 'morally superior and socially more attractive'. But it was not until the late middle ages that the rise of a genuine 'middle people' – free peasants and tenants, urban merchants – laid the foundations of a 'civilisation'.

The Industrial Revolution begins in Britain because the victory of Parliament in the seventeenth century secured property rights and outlawed monopoly: not in Spain, because there was no middle layer between the rich and the beggars, not in France because it was an absolute monarchy, not in Holland because taxation was too high and too complicated. The take-off accelerates: here comes Adam Smith, then nineteenth-century liberalism, then Keynes, then Europe's post-war surge of growth.

And then human progress stumbles. In the Seventies, 'for no apparent reason, the entire system staggered and lost confidence in itself'. This is the very moment when 'capitalism was not only the physical mainstay of western civilisation; it was in the process of becoming civilised itself'. So why? Mr Johnson dismisses impersonal forces of history, cycles or dialectics as

heathen mummery. If progress stumbled, somebody tripped it up. Who?

All the rest of the book tells us who. Everywhere, in a thousand guises, Paul Johnson discovers the social enemy at his work of wrecking and sabotage. The ecology lobby, for example, who egged on OPEC to put up the price of oil and thus avenged 'the sin of growth' on the poor of the entire world. The 'pseudo-religions' are guilty, for filletting theology and encouraging subjectivism and licence. Philosophers are guilty for leaving 'civilisation undefended and confused'. Dons also are guilty, for trying to make universities 'relevant' and debasing standards. 'Hirsute students and oleaginous sheikhs', 'aggro-Dons', teachers who undermine middle-class morality, composers who desert tonality, painters whose work is impossible 'to relate to morally', writers who deal in 'a horror-reality of monsters, freaks and savages', the UN – all are part of the great conspiracy to 'disorient civilised man'.

Some of this abuse has a brilliant, raving wit about it. Some of it perforates the right target: Teilhard deserves what he gets here. The chapter about euphemisms and the use of words to intimidate is especially well-aimed. But sheer wildness takes over. Frantz Fanon is named as the man who caused the guerrilla war in Rhodesia with its 'dreadful purpose' of expelling the whites, and then as a bonus is blamed for Palestinian terrorism and the Arab oil embargo (so the eco-lobby had an accomplice after all). Shirley Williams and Ted Short encouraged 'the new student Fascist left', who, as is well known, are remote-controlled by the German mountebank, Marcuse. Women recruits to the Provisional IRA 'are subjected to repeated rape and forced to take part in communal acts of sexual depravity' (I would like to see Paul Johnson put that one over to the Columkill Ladies' Choir in Derry). No Royal Marine who has read a newspaper about Rhodesia, experienced a British university recently, heard Mrs Williams or met a Republican woman is going to believe a word of this.

Paul Johnson's idea of civilisation is at the core of the book. It's a word many people try to avoid: I don't think many people who had visited Auschwitz would feel that the term had survived the teachings and accomplishments of the Third Reich. Those who do use it, like archaeologists, employ it only technically to describe certain combinations of material and social development. *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*, in a definition by the late but great Marxist archaeologist V. Gordon Childe, says that 'C. is currently used in a variety of vague and often emotional senses . . . civilisation is often the prerogative of only a minority in a society thus classified'.

This confusion between the notions of society and civilisation runs all through the book. Paul Johnson constantly refers to the value of truth as the definition of civilisation, but he gets muddled over the question of freedom. If the barbarians had a freer social structure than the Romans and (let's suppose) were more inclined to truthfulness, were they more civilised than the Romans? Even more simply, can you have a slave-holding civilisation? The word is dead, and 'civilisation' is now just the middle-class description of manners at table and in the office. In that sense, Mr Johnson would have done better to call this book *Enemies of Civilisation*, because – given Childe's point – an enemy of Johnsonian civilisation could easily qualify as a friend of society.

This 'civilised minority' problem emerges when Mr Johnson performs his scathing chapter on words and euphemisms (of which, of course, 'civilisation' is one of the most blatant). For a moment, he accepts that there is a majority with which the minority has problems. 'Civilisation is best defended when all those in authority and influence combine to use words in their true and accurate meaning, and unite to denounce their misuse . . .'. A little further on, he adds that hieratic language at religious rites should be 'special . . . the words must be bigger than their meaning'. And then: 'This is where the heritage of language becomes so important, and hence attacks on it become attacks on civilisation itself'.

At one instant, an oligarchy of dominies is dictating what words will or won't mean. At the next, the masses are mumbling words they don't understand – but to ask the dominies to define *them* would be treated as gross insubordination. The missing dimension of this book is religion, because the appeal for absolute standards in the name of a certain pattern of moral behaviour is a religious appeal. To say: 'I wish matters to be so because God commands that they should be so' is a respectable old position. To say that they should be so because otherwise the middle class will not flourish is weaker by several dimensions. It is painful that Paul Johnson repeats the sound observation that some mental systems are closed because they can explain away any attack upon their premises in their own terms: painful, because the three great examples always quoted are Marxism, Freudianism and the Catholic Church. Mr Johnson chooses only to mention the first two.

This is a very Victorian book. As each victim touches his toes, he will glimpse upside down a sepia photograph of the Parthenon upon the headmaster's wall. Mr Johnson thinks a society is healthy when it is practical and realistic, and sick when its art stylises or abandons naturalism. He sees Brunelleschi's presentation of vanishing-point perspective as a decisive 'civilising' step; science and art have worked together to achieve an advance of truth.

Paul Johnson winds up with ten new commandments. They add up to principles for the defence of middle-class liberalism, in so far as they are not familiar precepts. He writes as an angry, kindly, generous man, in no way a Tsarist like Solzhenitsyn or a writer who defies the public hangman like Demaistre. But his cultural pessimism

leads him to a view of general anarchy, in particular of anarchy in British life, which is quite unreal.

This is still a quiet, submissive, increasingly authoritarian place. Let one example serve. In the small city of Edinburgh, children are beaten with a strap in the local schools on thirty thousand occasions each year. Has this defence of values led to conflict with aggro-Dons, to mountebank psychologists and priests challenging morality and religion in the streets? It has not. The defence itself challenged those values in the victims' own minds: the enforcement of obsolete middle-class standards by obsolete means breeds only inarticulacy, despair, a taste for destructive violence. People still need liberty, and it looks as if they will have to knock over Mr Johnson's 'civilisation' to get it.

Craig Raine

Pale Horse

The Consciousness of Joyce by RICHARD ELLMANN *Faber* £5.50

James Joyce – the Citizen and the Artist by C. H. PEAKE *Edward Arnold* £9.95

When Leopold Bloom goes to the kitchen sink of 7 Eccles Street to fill the kettle for two cups of Epps's soluble cocoa, information about the water's source flows endlessly from the innocent tap. Behind the simple drumming of water into a kettle, Joyce shows us an orchestrated water system, a massed band of silent facts awaiting a sign from the conductor's baton. They have their music too. Richard Ellmann's new book examines Joyce's treatment of his literary sources and, with Joycean diligence, appends an indispensable list of the books in his Trieste library, carefully supplemented by other well-authenticated titles. Unlikely works, such as the Rev. J. C. Woods's *Common Objects of the Sea Shore* and Maurice Clare's *A Day with Shakespeare*, can now be heard striking their triangles in the music that is *Ulysses*.

Primarily, however, Professor Ellmann concerns himself with Joyce's use of *Hamlet* and Homer. Though Joyce was dismissive of Homer in conversation with Nabokov, and though he told his Aunt Josephine to 'buy at once the *Adventures of Ulysses*' (Lamb's unscholarly abbreviation), Professor Ellmann approaches Homer on the lines initiated by Stuart Gilbert under Joyce's supervision. His Joyce is a cunning impresario, bent on subduing to his purpose a trio of scholarly prima donnas. Under his hands, the soloists are persuaded to sing a chorus of sorts. The talktapes are selectively spliced. The opening of Gilbert's pioneering work has always struck me as largely irrelevant and a little specious in its use of Homeric scholarship and pseudo-scholarship. Joyce was not a Greek scholar himself. Yet he condoned Gilbert's excess of zeal because he saw it would confer respectability on what was widely regarded

as a pornographic work. He knew the value of the expert witness.

The main experts were Samuel Butler (who thought Homer was a woman), Victor Bérard (who thought Homer was a Greek, but Ulysses a Phoenician), and Francis Bacon (who believed the *Odyssey* should be read allegorically). Professor Ellmann calls them 'an unlikely trio' and yet believes that Joyce read them out of respect for Homer, rather than to amuse himself. But the truth is that Joyce's attitude to Homer is there in the text. Homer makes a personal appearance, in disguise of course, but as recognisable as Hitchcock taking a furtively fat bow. The blind poet is transformed and ironised as a blind piano-tuner who passes unobtrusively through the narrative just as references to Homer's work run through the book. Joyce is careful to nudge the attentive reader. For example, ostensibly pointless questions are asked: when Bloom helps the tuner across the street, he wonders 'if he has a name'. How many people, we ought to wonder in our turn, don't have names? Homer is the sole candidate since, as Professor Ellmann remarks in another context, he was known to antiquity simply as 'the poet'. Later, in 'Sirens', Miss Douce comments:

The tuner was in today . . . tuning it for the smoking concert and I never heard such an exquisite player . . . *The real classical*, you know. And blind too, poor fellow [my italics].

In other words, Homer is reduced to the status of piano tuner. He sees to the harmonics and mechanics of *Ulysses*. He improves the tone by his presence in the book. But it is Joyce who will, as it were, dominate the stage in evening dress, acknowledge the applause, and spread his tails before seating himself at the piano where he will accompany himself in a song cycle of his own composition. Homer is a 'blind stripling' (the regularly applied Homeric epithet) who sneaks back wordlessly for his forgotten tuning fork. Professor Ellmann is right to say that Joyce suffered from none of Harold Bloom's 'anxiety of influence'. But he is incorrect in his supposition that Joyce, though scarcely abased, deferred to Homer. He stole, cavalierly, what was useful, and ignored the rest. The tap, tap, tap of the tuner's chipped white stick (Bloom is probably a Freemason) is also the tap of a trowel laying the foundation stone on which Joyce built the towering work.

Professor Ellmann can hear hooves too. One of the sharpest questions in his absorbing book concerns the whereabouts of Homer's Trojan horse in *Ulysses*. He finds it thudding surreptitiously on a great many pages and provides an almost exhaustive list of equine images – but the homerwork has been done too well and, as elsewhere, Professor Ellmann's wide knowledge works against him. The correct answer is there in the list – lost in the stampede of candidates. The Trojan horse is, in fact, the unfancied outsider who wins the Gold Cup – it is Throwaway. Like the Trojan horse, it is a free gift: unknowingly, Bloom gives the tip to Bantam Lyons for nothing. Joyce later underlines the point when Bloom is given a throwaway – i.e. a free leaflet. The element of deception in the free gift is

forcibly emphasised when Bloom chucks the leaflet into the Liffey and notes that the gulls are not gulled into thinking it bread. Moreover, every time the race is mentioned, Throwaway appears in disguise to underline the idea that it is a secret weapon; and it is an outsider, like the horse left by the Greeks outside the walls of Troy.

Politically, Joyce was a dark horse. In his biography, Professor Ellmann found that he 'cultivated disengagement'. Here he modifies his opinion and offers Joyce as a political writer. Professor Peake agrees and I dissent. First, Professor Ellmann presents a definition of politics from Roland Barthes which is unacceptably elastic: 'the whole of human relations in their real, social structure, in their power of making the world.' Thanks for everything/nothing. Secondly, he argues that Joyce had a 'message' which, however obliquely expressed, was against the tyranny of Church and State and for individual freedom and the truth of the self. To me, this message amounts to little more than a mistrust of the messages and generalities that in practice make up politics. *Non serviam*, the theme that structures *A Portrait*, is not a political creed. Thirdly, Professor Ellmann, in spite of admitted ironies, assumes an identity between Joyce and his two protagonists when they themselves agree. This is possible. Political opinions, however, are required by verisimilitude. They are an aspect of life and, therefore, occur in *Ulysses*. It does not follow from this that Joyce is a political writer in the usual sense. Although Bloom has connections with moderate Sinn Féin they are only a small part of his general intellectual curiosity. As for Joyce himself, his brother Stanislaus (who was interned for his politics) was cynical about James's socialism with its hand-outs for impecunious artists. Joyce's attitude to Ireland always fluctuated, and if he saw a vague hope in Griffith and Sinn Féin, he never gave up his right to criticise. In World War I, he praised the German offensive and changed his paper from the pro-allied *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* to the pro-German *Zürcher Post* – largely, it seems, because he quarrelled with the British Consulate on a personal matter. 'As an artist,' he remarked in 1918, 'I attach no importance to political conformity . . . The state is concentric, man is eccentric.' Most of these facts and quotations come from Professor Ellmann's brilliant biography where he got most of the answers right the first time.

Professor Peake's study of Joyce is orderly and, in the best sense, elementary. All those who have been injured in collisions with sophisticated Joyce criticism will find a first-aid kit here. Professor Peake's thesis, that Joyce's oeuvre exemplifies the reconciliation of the idealist and the realist, is not new, but some subtle and sound new emphases are touched in. He is particularly good on *Dubliners* and I liked the idea that Stephen's artistic theory is peripatetic in presentation as well as scholastic in exposition. Sometimes his ideas are a little near-fetched; but this work, taken with Ellmann's biography, would be an excellent place for anyone to start with Joyce. Clear information pours from them both as from a tap.

David Caute

The Weird Sisters

A Fine Old Conflict by JESSICA MITFORD
Michael Joseph £5.95

Communism (as anyone who has lived under it knows) is a serious business, and I opened Miss Mitford's autobiography in a mood of Calvinistic censoriousness, anticipating much aristocratic frivolity and the reduction of the Great Issues of Our Time to the level of a protracted nursery pillow fight. Nancy Mitford, after all, had described her younger sister as a ballroom communist, and one was aware that the most serious consequence of the young Jessica's elopement to Republican Spain with Esmond Romilly was that her father, Lord Redesdale, promptly had her made a ward of court – a hazard spared most of the proletarians who fought in the International Brigades.

Three of the Mitford sisters, perhaps seeking recompense or even revenge for a lack of parental love, fervently embraced extremist causes, revelling in the scandalised reactions that their outrageous behaviour provoked. None ever repented: Diana (Mosley) and Jessica have now published books in quick succession to affirm *je ne regrette rien*, while Unity apparently died as she had lived, besotted by Hitler. The fact that the gawping public has quite frequently been invited by the Mitford sisters to tour the vanished stately home to gaze at Muv, Boud-Bobo, Debo & Co., might also suggest that Woburn and Longleat are expensive methods of turning a heritage to profit. Certainly Jessica Mitford, even now, with an independent, adult story of her own to tell, cannot resist capitalising on the idiosyncrasies of her family at judicious intervals throughout her book.

But I do her little justice (Roundheads will ever growl at those Cavaliers who cavort round the battlefield as if it were a playground – what does one make of her decision to donate her share in her parents' Scottish island to the Communist Party of Great Britain?). Miss Mitford is certainly a person of genuine moral and physical courage, a courage harnessed to a strong sense of social justice. Her break with the fascist and ultra-conservative wing of her family resulted in ostracism, and it cannot have been easy to protest against the release of Lady Mosley from Holloway in 1943. As Nancy put it in one of the barbs that Jessica Mitford delights to quote, the action was 'not very sisterly'.

Jessica Mitford is a tough lady, foreign to self-pity and refreshingly free of the lugubrious pomposity and semantic strangulations prevalent among militant Communists. Her book is suffused with light, laughter and the knowledge that one can embrace a cause without mortgaging one's soul to it. A sharp observer of people, she is normally generous in her portraits, though uncharitable about left-wingers who failed to realise that what J.M. was doing was the thing to do. Untouched by the womb-

whining narcissism of the current prisoners of gender, she simply got on with the job of being a militant, a writer, a wife and a mother.

The central and essential narrative of *A Fine Old Conflict* describes the life of a Communist activist in the Oakland-East Bay area of California during the massive repression of the Truman-Eisenhower era. Although Miss Mitford praises Lillian Hellman, whose *Scoundrel Time*, published last autumn, blasted the American liberals for cowardice, one is struck by the contrast between Miss Hellman's fastidious hobnobbing with a fashionable cause at celebrity level, and Miss Mitford's total personal involvement in the struggles of black ghetto workers to survive police brutality and economic deprivation.

Briefly financial director of the San Francisco CP, then director of the East Bay Civil Rights Congress (a Communist front), Jessica Mitford and three other Party women took their lives in their hands (having donned hats and straightened their stocking seams) by venturing into Mississippi and pleading with whites, door to door, that a Negro sentenced to death for rape had been unjustly convicted. One sees why, in retrospect, she insists that at that time the Party was the only authentic vessel of militancy – after all, who else, until 1960, raised a finger?

Her FBI dossier (a censored version of which she has now procured under the Freedom of Information Act) is many pages long; every step, every meeting, every signature was recorded by agents or their

informers within the C.P. In the reactionary Oakland fief of China-Lobbyist William Knowland of the *Oakland Tribune*, Miss Mitford's husband Robert Treuhaft was a perpetual bugbear of the time-serving district attorney. During a shameful decade when the majority of liberal lawyers confined their convictions to whispered expressions of sympathy, Treuhaft laboured selflessly as a true people's lawyer. Later, in the milder Sixties, when husband and wife hit the bestseller list with Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*, a book to which he had contributed as much as she, the desperate funeral industry dug up their Communist skeletons.

Judged as political history, this book is more partisan than discriminating; predictably, references to the American Party's domination by an entrenched oligarchy surface only when Miss Mitford and Robert Treuhaft are about to quit. I doubt whether the CPUSA was really the torchbearer of liberty during the McCarthy era – Communists have never understood that liberty is indivisible. Although themselves victims of the State Department's vicious interference with the right to travel, the Treuhafts were nevertheless unable to translate the moral when in 1955 a terrified waiter approached them in a Budapest restaurant and begged them to take a letter back to America to post to his brother. 'However, we regretfully decided we could not perform his mission; what if he were a spy, an opponent of the Government?' Some government, that.

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Brian Walden

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The Commons in the Seventies edited by
S. A. WALKLAND and MICHAEL RYLE
Fontana £1.50

The Rev. Ian Paisley MP gave his views on his colleagues recently. 'When I consider the drunkenness, lewdness, immorality and filthy language of many of those members I care absolutely nothing for their opinions.' Regrettably, *The Commons in the Seventies* does not discuss this interesting issue.

Instead it concentrates on those parliamentary procedures and practices which academics are convinced explain the operation of our political system. Or do I see scales falling from one pair of eyes? For after 11 heavy chapters on practice and procedure, S. A. Walkland contributes a brilliant concluding chapter in which he admits, nay proudly proclaims, that all the foregoing technicalities are irrelevant to understanding the plight of the Commons.

The Commons in the Seventies is the most recent effort of the Study of Parliament Group, a knowledgeable but misguided bunch, who came together in 1964, and in the reforming mood then prevalent set to work to improve Parliament. But Hugh Gaitskell had died the previous year and all change worth having died with him. I said so at the time and I am glad to see so many worthy academics now agree with me. As they grow more pessimistic the naturally sunny temperament of my boyhood returns. If Mr Walkland is as typical of academics as he is of the rest of the community then this miserable era of deception and myopia may be coming to an end.

The reasons why all the well-meaning concern to reform procedure has produced not only no positive achievements worth cataloguing, but also a House of Commons less powerful, less respected and more functionless than ever before, have been apparent for years. It only requires a respectable body of opinion to summon up the courage to admit the obvious truth and an important discussion can begin, because the issues involved have nothing to do with Standing Order No. 9, or the intricacies of *Erskine May*.

The House of Commons is largely powerless, even in the absence of a secure majority for one party, because the electorate have wished it to be so, or not understood to whom they were giving the real

power. The House of Commons cannot be strengthened without reducing the power of government and not even the genius of my colleague John Mackintosh can make it otherwise, as I think he now concedes. Nor is such an assertion any more than the beginning of wisdom.

For adversary politics itself is the enemy of parliamentary scrutiny and control. Only in theory is the Commons divided between front and back-bench. The reality is the familiar sectarian pattern of 'Us and Them'. MPs are creatures of their parliamentary leadership and increasingly, in the case of the Labour Party, of extra-parliamentary forces. The function of the government backbencher is to support the government when it matters. All else is conceit and self-delusion. Loyal service in the lobbies can open the door to a government job and the lucky MP can get the hell out of the place. On top of all this Britain is suffering from a severe dose of political corporatism. It is in agencies other than the House of Commons that the accommodations, debates and deals that matter are done. Voters know this, resent it and despise MPs for it.

If you are a cynic about the House of Commons, then you should collect Ian Paisley's speeches. If you have a certain vestigial reluctance to see parliamentary democracy die, then you should buy this book and read chapter 12. The earlier chapters will not do you any harm either; in them you will see what MPs are doing, or think they are doing. What the book

Kingsley Amis

Two Poems

Shitty

Look thy last on all things shitty

While thou'rt at it: soccer stars,
Soccer crowds, bedizened bushheads
Jerking over their guitars,

German tourists, plastic roses,

Face of Mao and face of Ché,
Women wearing curtains, blankets,
Beckett at the ICA,

High-rise blocks and action paintings,

Sculptures made from wire and lead:
Each of them a sight more lovely
Than the screens around your bed.

Senex

To find his sexual drives had ceased

For Sophocles was no disaster;
He said he felt like one released
From service with a cruel master.

I envy him; I miss the lash

At which I used to snort and snivel —
Oh that its unremitted slash
Were still what makes me drone
and drive!

nowhere makes apparent, though, is the profound, perhaps pompous, concern that MPs have about what they know to be the inadequate role forced upon them by the failure, so far, of political realignment in Britain. Not many would put it in those words, but most recognise that something has gone very wrong. When this system collapses, as collapse it will, the people will be faced with a stark choice between the corporate state and a parliament of actors mouthing lines they did not write, or a strong parliament and a weaker executive with less power to comfort and to blunder. *The Commons in the Eighties* stands a good chance of being a best-seller.

John Sturrock

Pack Drill

The Castle of Crossed Destinies by ITALO
CALVINO translated by William Weaver
Secker & Warburg £4.50

Italo Calvino, who is the most brilliant and alive of Italian writers, here plays an irresistibly formal game of fiction using playing-cards. Not just any playing-cards but those of the Tarot, with its four decorative suits, of coins, cups, clubs and swords, and its extraordinary Arcana — the Popess, the upside-down Hanged Man, and other miscellaneous baffling characters. Calvino uses the Tarot cards, as the better class of cartomancer has been using them for centuries, to tell stories. His stories, however, are a great deal more literate, and a great deal more fun, than the daunting nonsense that has traditionally issued from the tents of Madame Sosostris and her clan (to which doyenne of the Tarot and her allusive patron 'the Lloyds employee', there is, suitably, an allusion in one of these stories). And they do not set out to be at all prophetic; quite the opposite, because part of the joke in this essentially jocular book is that the stories the cards are made to tell have already happened, and do not lie threateningly in the future. Calvino has abused the cards in the most fundamental way.

He has also dropped all the heavy symbolism which has grown up round them. He is beautifully literal, and simply by striking his various story-tellers dumb he even makes it seem natural that they should fall back on the pictures on playing-cards to illustrate their adventures. Those pictures are all of them equivocal; it is Calvino who steps mock-seriously in to interpret them, and turn them into more or less logical tales. The performance is as witty as the idea.

There are two parts to the book because Calvino had two different Tarot packs to hand — or I should say 'decks': William Weaver's translation is splendid, and faintly American. The first set was a smart, aristocratic one painted during the Renaissance for the Dukes of Milan; the stories these cards give rise to form 'The Castle of Crossed Destinies' proper, and are fittingly

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gallant, with characters as well-born as they are ill-starred. The second set of stories, or 'The Tavern of Crossed Destinies', is based on a plainer, more vulgar Tarot pack that originated in Marseilles in the eighteenth century. These stories are wilder or even anarchic, and get noticeably desperate towards the end as Calvino fulfils his plan of using every card in the pack at least once.

He doesn't, finally, manage it, but the failure is a private one – it doesn't in any way spoil the book. Each story is a 'reading' of a vertical or horizontal sequence of cards, and because the rows of cards have to interlock so do the stories. Some of them are Calvino's invention, though he tries hard to be hackneyed, others are clever retellings of existing stories, of the Faust legend, or Ariosto, or Shakespeare – an especially dazzling amalgamation, this, of *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*. All the stories, old or new, are perfectly fabulous and the cards which have inspired them are displayed, a little meanly but comprehensibly, in the margins of the text; and the whole point and pleasure of the book, really, is to look across to see what Calvino has made of them. It may be a lot or a little. When he wants to be literal he is outrageously so: no cosmic mumbo-jumbo in interpreting the Hanged Man when he turns up, for instance: he is merely some unfortunate fellow cruelly strung up by the heels.

Finally, Calvino tries to read his own story from the cards, the story of a man with the strange, punishing obsession of dealing out packs of Tarot cards to form a sort of narrative crossword puzzle. The whole time-consuming scheme is set under the auspices of the Devil, slyly introduced as 'the prince of all mingling and ambiguity'. But if these sorts of games are devil's work, so much the better for the Devil. What Calvino has produced is a supremely light and entertaining allegory of the whole business of story-writing. Each of his Tarot cards could just as well be a stock word, or scene, or whole episode which the writer borrows and turns to his own advantage. It already has a meaning, but he gives it a new, or extra meaning at the same time as he gives it a context. And so on. If only all essays in the theory of fiction were as practical and amusing as this one.

Julian Barnes

One-Handed

Elsinor by CHARLES WEBB *Gollancz* £4.20
The Abandoned Woman by RICHARD CONDON *Hutchinson* £3.95
Blood Brothers by RICHARD PRICE *Macdonald & Jane's* £4.95

Dustin Hoffman calling Anne Bancroft 'Mrs Robinson' all through their bed-scene, and desperately trying to impose some degree of social form on their encounter, was one of the cinema's prime comic sights of the Sixties; it was, further, an example of the key area – that of embarrassment

and social doubt – in which Charles Webb's spry and clear-toned comedy operates. How, if you are a conventional suburban L.A. housewife, do you manage the etiquette involved in dressing as a man and tramping through a gay bath-house in search of your erring husband? How do you react to the overbearing social workers who try to treat you as if you were distressed when you are just about in control, and then, by their bulldozing sympathy, drive you into a distress you have just denied? Such are the typical dilemmas which confront Laura, the latest of Webb's gang of the politely lost.

For the writer who has previously dealt almost obsessively with the failure to establish relationships, Webb, in examining the break-up of a marriage, might be said to have made a modest, if ironic advance; and in places he offers a pained annotation of panic which goes beyond comedy. But in all other respects his manner and technique remain precisely, and disconcertingly, the same as ever. His narrative is still limited to the externals of words and deeds: thoughts, emotions, let alone authorial comments, are puritanically excluded in the creation of a flat, cinematic surface on which he lays his appealing and doggedly logical dialogue. Yet after five novels, the danger of this set (if successful) technique is that of mannerism: when Laura goes to consult her husband's partner and his first remark to her is that he needs a new pair of shoes, the scene ahead, with her emotional outpourings made distant and ludicrous by his counterpointed questions about soles and buckles, already springs straight to mind before it has got under way. Moreover, one cannot help wondering, in a brusquely curious way, why Webb doesn't ever seem to want to describe thoughts and feelings, always wants them intuited. True, he writes elegantly, neatly, wittily, and even movingly without, just as you can ride a bike with one hand and still manage to steer and brake. But isn't he ever tempted to try two?

Richard Condon, by contrast, loves the complicated gadgetry – the ten-speed Derailleur, the toe-clips, the plastic drinking-bottles, the feeling of being out of breath. He's known, for instance, to write with an information-retrieval system at his elbow, and his latest novel is packed with historical detail; among it, his characters take faint and occasional gulps of fictional air. *The Abandoned Woman*, he insists, 'is not a history. It is a novel in which Caroline of Brunswick, later Queen of England, is a central character'. Whatever the genre – and there's a subordinate confusion between Condon, who calls it 'a tragedy of manners', and Hutchinson, who label it 'a hilarious comedy' – the result is scarcely a jubilee celebration of the virtues of our Royal house. His Caroline is abandoned largely in the second sense of the word; and the main reason for fictionalising her well-known story of fall and fall appears to be pleasure in creating improbably naughty scenes, like one in which the aged George III wearily self-abuses over his daughter-in-law. Indeed, the aspect of the characters' plight which evokes one's main sympathy is that of being reanimated by Condon's crudely vital prose: it is like being given the kiss of life with a force-pump. People

in his world are never fat if they can be 'calorically fulsome'; and a sense of immediacy is sought with phrases like 'it was a fun breakfast which cost £43,000'. Energy and carelessness are present in equal doses: the Prince of Wales's confidant is given bags under his eyes 'which are as large as mice drowned in strong coffee'. The mice they drown in weak tea, it is well known, are of a smaller strain.

All of which should (and does) make us more appreciative of the hyper-contemporary vernacular of *Blood Brothers*. Richard Price gazes out from his back-cover photo looking artily lost, knowingly baffled at man's beastliness to man (which mostly means woman); and his novel is a smart, professional example of the post-Selby genre of lower-depths chic. Perhaps the continuing bankruptcy of New York is behind the flowering of this school, in which your archetypal American family beat and cheat one another, drive each other bananas, and then ensure that the vicious cycle continues into the next generation. Here the father is a macho construction worker, and the son wavers between being a well-paid hard-hat and a concerned hospital worker. They scrap and maim, lie and con, amid a goulash of convenience food, blood, snot and KY jelly, while even the friendly neighbourhood doctor shoots up in the bathroom before tending his patients. As one of the more detached characters puts it, 'the whole fuckin' Bronx is like a combination open-air loony bin an' Red Cross disaster tent, right?' If right, one ought to thank Price for his report from the battle-zone; instead, one worries about why he makes such a shapely, saleable artefact out of it, why the book-club classes will read the novel as they might go to the zoo to watch panthers, and whether the whole genre isn't the Gothic of our time, designed to be read in suburban ranch-houses, by affluent readers straight out of Charles Webb, as a nice change from the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Germaine Greer

The ABC of Writing

Children as Writers - 3 Heinemann £3.50 and £1.50

Although not very informative about the writing activity of children, or even about the general picture provided by the 50,000 entries submitted, *Children as Writers - 3* is not without interest. The introduction, by grown-up Marjorie Hourd, author of *The Education of the Poetic Spirit* (1949), exhibits many of the characteristics of what Ted Hughes has called 'this strange writing': abrupt transitions, zig-zag syntax and a fearless use of exclamation points when all else fails to transfix the diffident reader. No matter how kindly disposed one may feel to creative writing by the semi-literate, such bludgeoning as this -

Readers will of course want to enjoy the writing in this book for its own sake, for whatever ideas we may have on the developmental aspects of this work there is no doubt that most of it is vastly entertaining in itself.

- such thwacking, I say, can only sharpen the insistent fear that sensitivity to prose as communication is deafened by New-speak's daily battering.

Children are seldom as brutalised as their teachers. Although there is plenty of evidence of the contortion of their imaginations in response to the demand to 'be creative', which means, evidently, to re-invent the great clichés, occasionally they do exhibit discretion and a sense of form. Eight-year-old Kevin Thomas Saunders is the author of a small story called 'If I Were Not I Who Would I Be', apparently so entitled as an exercise set by his teacher at Parham V.A. Primary School, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

There was once a boy who wished he was a man so he could go to places and would not have to go to school. The next day he began to get bigger and his father got smaller, his wish came true, his father got as small as his son and his son grew as tall as his father. The boy was now a man who said haray now I can go to places in the car. as for his mother she thought his father was the boy. The boy looked exactly the same as his father. The man now lives in an old cottage with seven roomies in it and plenty of oak tree beams. he went to all sorts of places like the beach the fair the circus and the zoo. he could go anywhere he liked he could even go to diffrent countries, he was so exited he did not even notice that something had made him like his father. he soon got old and his father was still quite young. until the day came his son died. but his ghost goes to the zoo the fair and the beach.

What makes this story fascinating is not the child's inevitable preoccupation with his own Oedipal predicament, about which

he is decently reticent, but the rhythm of his manipulation of his themes. The symmetry of repetitions leads him through the peripeteia of the child fathering the man and then in a highly formal cadence to a last twist in the death of the premature child-father. His knot thus tied, the repetition of the HAPPINESS motif in a minor key - 'but his ghost goes to the zoo the fair and the beach' - is typical of a child's sense of completion and fitness. The form is elaborate and archaic, but it is in the apprehension of form that the child's creativity is apparent, not in the superficial daring of the conception.

One of the most interesting aspects of *Children as Writers - 3* is the insight that it provides into the influence of television. Many of the children think in television scenario form, with quick changes of scene and character (identified by costumes and make-up), while the transitions are signified by cross-fades and dissolves. The extravagances of *Dr Who* and *Star Trek* have become commonplace; even the moral concerns of such entertainment have been thoroughly digested, as super-humans struggle for intellectual and spiritual mastery with beings of a different order. Such influence is not itself anti-literary; constant exposure to it might indeed produce the salutary effect of boredom with spectacular plotting, sooner in the children perhaps than in the prizewinners, who have given one of four major prizes to an irritating piece of comic-strip bombast entitled 'Magdamma'.

Within the welter of derivative imagery a genuinely literary note often sounds. Tina Choi, an eight-year-old whose Angrian adventures stream from her pencil in a very encouraging manner, interrupts her star-trekking to introduce motifs like this:

That night they were awoken by a noise it said, 'Angela, Angela.'

'What was that noise?' asked Solomon. 'It sounds like someone mourning.'

They looked out of the window and they saw their master there, who was mourning over a grave with heart shattered.

As little Miss Choi loads every rift with ore, she cannot resist the resonance of *mourning* - her response is to a word, and to the weight of implication in it. When her *picaro* abandons the tedium of the skies, he has a good chance of finding the realms of language and the essential nature of literary activity.

The encouragement of a prize seemed apposite in her case, but what in Tina Choi is an admirable fascination with big words and ideas becomes humbug in 16-year-old Michael Gregory Ayres, who would make a fine advertising copy-writer for disaster movies:

The sheer display of crude energy and monolithic grandeur blasted an unforgettable impression upon his mind. There seemed to be too much of everything in that day, a claustrophobic surfeit, at once so sublime and sickening that reality had become a parody of reality. This rabid saturation on such a colossal scale had somehow been glorious despite the futility and horror it invoked.

Instead of a 'major prize' he should have been given 50 words to describe a wheelbarrow.

Children as Writers - 3 is indeed interesting, but not so much in itself as in the questions that it raises. If the prizewinners had been as steeped in Herman Hesse, William Burroughs, Michael Moorcock, Kung Fu, *Sound and Vision* and the ethos of chemical stimulation as the teenaged competitors, would they have given the prizes that they did? How much does the children's ambition reflect the ambition of their teachers? Will they heed the warning of minor prizewinner, 15-year-old Anne Solway Hegerty, an unwilling victim of the conspiracy of silence on the subject of prosody? -

O, tell me, modern poet
In your poetry elite
Have you lost the art of speaking
To the person in the street?
For, until your clever phrases
Form a picture in my brain
Then you're talking to yourself
And *that's* the sign that you're insane.

The advisory board has rewarded pretension and occasionally nonsense, in the belief that it is helping the children to realise themselves, an aim which might be worthy if it were comprehensible. The children, bless them, seem to be concerned, not with writing creatively, but with mastering the language as it exists, independently of their personal concerns.

Alan Ryan

Who's Zoo

The role of animals in the moral life of mankind is, to me at any rate, increasingly obscure. Are totemic animals intermediaries between aboriginal clans and the spirit world or merely counters in kinship algebra? Are myths and tales about the consequences of breaking taboos on gastro-nomic and sexual dealings with the animal world ways of reinforcing the division of labour by age and sex, or part of the technique of controlling our infantile polymorphism? Have anthropologists been applying to children's books the insights of *Totem and Taboo*, *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*, of Lévi-Strauss and Professor Douglas on the pangolin? I hope so; it would be intolerable if the academy failed to bring intellectual order to the nursery.

At the level of the raw ethnographic data, elephants, dinosaurs and crocodiles seem presently to be making the running. The middle-aged will be happy to see *The Story*

of *Babar* (Methuen £4.95) back in its full glory, with huge pages and a hand-written text; and those who liked Errol le Cain's illustrations of Rosemary Harris's stories when they first came out four years ago will be equally glad to see *The King's White Elephant* in paperback (Faber 95p). The intricate, tightly-patterned drawings really do conjure up Thai painting; while the story suggests that the ontological argument was no invention of Western philosophy, whether Anselmian or Cartesian – the King of Siam once lacked a white elephant, which, after various mishaps, was produced by a Perfect Master who 'visualised the necessary elephant with such spiritual force' that existence followed essence. *Arabella the Pink and Gold-Spotted Elephant* (Cape £1.95) is rather more obviously jokey and correspondingly less fun.

Dinosaurs – or Desmond the dinosaur – are Althea Braithwaite's speciality. His latest adventures include meeting a helicopter which bears a startling resemblance to the President of the United States (well, you try drawing a grin on a helicopter, without making it look like Jimmy Carter), and taking a ride in a punt (*Desmond and the Stranger* and *Desmond goes Boating*, 35p each, Dinosaur Publications). Those whose children are easily frightened must be very grateful for Althea Braithwaite – in her pages everyone is terribly nice and friendly. Those who dislike commerce, or think we should do our duty for its own sake, may flinch at Desmond getting free boat rides for life on the grounds that when he rescues passengers it brings in the customers.

Crocodiles come in two varieties. Christopher Logue's *Crocodile* (Cape £3.50) is a svelte creature who looks a lot like an emerald green (and rather long-nosed) Marlene Dietrich, and who, having pursued high fashion to *Krokodil* of Paris and discovered that his (her?) relatives had been turned into handbags, ingests a shopgirl and returns to dream of chic in the shade of the Sphinx. The drawings are immensely elegant, and the verse hardly less so. Anyone whose infant's first reader was *Vogue* can't afford to be without it. *Crocodile Medicine* by Marjorie-Ann Watts (Deutsch £2.50) is gentler, intended to cheer up any child stuck in hospital with its pretty and rather old-fashioned drawings of the croc with a sore throat (about three yards of it) taking his medicine like a . . . well, like the average recalcitrant child in hospital.

Among the zanier offerings, *The Animal House* by Ivor Cutler and Helen Oxenbury (Hememann £2.50) is strikingly successful, while *Who's Zoo* by Conrad Aiken (Cape £2.95) is not. The drawings which Mrs Oxenbury supplies for Ivor Cutler's Lear-like fantasies are very apt; the animal house really is an animal house, with a pelican's beak for a wash-basin, elephants and camels for walls, with boa-constrictors for rafters and condors, keas, eagles and emus for a roof. All the animals are slightly shadowy, and the humans wear the tranquil faces of saints – just the kind of faces which fit the voice in which Cutler used to read such nonsense on the radio. *Who's Zoo*, by contrast, seems too cluttered, both in the verses and in the pictures; though its mythical animals are said to be 'mild beasts', there are so many spikes and jagged edges

New Children's Books from O.U.P.

The Right-Hand Man by K. M. Peyton illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus

Mrs Peyton's eagerly-awaited new novel brings the Regency world of 1818 vividly to life. With all the pace and excitement of a four-in-hand race, it recounts the adventures which befall Ned Rowlands, the most competent stage-coach driver on the Harwich Road. £3.25



The Journey Back by Johanna Reiss

This sequel to *The Upstairs Room* continues the story of young Annie and her sisters, and describes the problems they face in adjusting to life when peace comes to Holland in 1945. £2.95

Coming in June:

The Mimosa Tree by Vera and Bill Cleaver

The Proffitt family have recently moved to Chicago. When their stepmother runs out on them, Marvella and her ten-year-old brother are forced to become the family breadwinners. This is a haunting story of children abandoned in the slums of a big city. £2.50

Under Goliath by Peter Carter

Set in the anxious, suspicious, and violent times of Belfast in 1969, this is a robust yet sympathetic account of what life was like for Alan, a Protestant working-class boy living in the bitterly divided city. £2.95

Inter-City illustrated in full colour by Charles Keeping

This entrancing new picture-book brings to life the occupants of the carriage and the scenes that flash past the window during a long train journey. £2.95

Oxford University Press

everywhere that it all makes one twitch.

Nostalgia addicts, and those in search of rather more narrative structure now have *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell and Oscar Wilde's *Happy Prince and Other Stories*, illustrated by Charles Robinson (Piccolo £1.25). They are printed on excessively soft paper, with obvious losses in the illustrations, but they are something of a bargain nonetheless. They are also very odd – Mabel Lucie Attwell rises to surprise, anxiety and a few tears, but hardly to the sheer nastiness of some of Grimm's imaginings, while Wilde's short stories give one furiously to wonder. The story of 'The Nightingale and the Rose' contrives to cross the emotional atmosphere of Tristan and Isolde with a 1950s taste for the downbeat ending: the nightingale crimsons the rose with her heart's blood, singing all night while embracing the fatal thorn, whereupon the girl for whom the rose is destined rejects it, the student who gives it her decides in favour of philosophy and the story fizzles out. Still, 'The Remarkable Rocket' justifies any number of reprintings – even if the right audience for this story of excessive self-regard and inadequate self-understanding is not the average, timid ten-year-old. Its proper role is as an appendix to the Queen's Speech; Ecclesiastes's reminder of the vanity of human aspiration isn't in the same league with its finale: "I knew I should make a great sensation," gasped the Rocket and went out." Substitute the politician of your choice.

Summer reading for children

Two new books by **Tamasin Cole**, whose lively and witty illustrations will be remembered from **Fourteen Rats** and **a Rat-Catcher**

Magnum Mouse

A hilarious tall tale of a cat family terrorised by a monstrously rumbustious mouse – until the mouse turns the tables on a wicked cat burglar.

Palava Parrot

Palava is a quick-witted parrot with a racy style of narration. He tells his own tale of revenge on the hunter who captured him.

illustrated in full colour 95p each

The Vanishment of Thomas Tull

Janet & Allen Ahlberg

A very funny story which 7-10 year olds will love, about the problem of shrinking Thomas, and the bizarre characters who unite to save him from fading completely away.

illustrated in black and white £1.25

Maisie Middleton

Nita Sowter

It's Sunday morning and Maisie is ready for her breakfast, but her parents are not. Detailed drawings show Maisie's solution of the problem.

illustrated in full colour £1.95

Adam & Charles Black

Naomi Lewis

Open Verdict

The Wild Boy of Aveyron by HARLAN LANE
Allen & Unwin £6.95

The 'wild boy' of Southern France, later named Victor, who crossed into the human scene on 8 January 1800, was (or should have been) a rare find for savants. Here was the living answer to the question: Does human nature exist? or even: What is a human? (Hadh't there been talk of attempting to mate an orangutang and a prostitute?) Unlike those other marvels, children succoured by beasts, wolf, sow, bear, gazelle, leopard or tiger, unlike the unfortunate hidden away in cupboard or sty or dark back room, the boy had lived alone in the woods for years, happily too, without weapons, tools, clothes or other possessions, knowing nothing of human moeurs. He had been glimpsed from time to time in the forests, swiftly running or climbing trees. Twice he was caught, tied up and gawped at; after the second escape he moved to the hills, wintering on a freezing mountain plateau in the Aveyron region. Food – he would eat only roots and nuts – was sparse; the dwellers in the few scattered homesteads seemed kinder than the village crowds; one early morning he wandered into the dyer's kitchen and sat down near the fire. He never saw his forest country again. Observers flocked; Authority stirred; in 1801 his official education began under a young, unknown, but gifted doctor, Jean-Marc Itard, at the Institution Nationale des Sourds-Muets in Paris. A coup for its Principal, the Abbé Sicard! The naturalist J. J. Virey observed, however, 'Go forth, poor youth, nothing but bitterness was prepared for you in tearing you away from the protective dryads who watched over you!' Flowery; better of course in the original French; but a true prognosis.

It's a curious but not trivial piece of history: and Harlan Lane's research probes further into its facts and implications than anything written yet. He tracks it both as technical expert (he is an academic psychologist, specialising in speech and hearing) and as biographer, caught no less by the troubling figure of Itard than by the boy. Reports on Victor in 1800 abound. His age? between 12 and 15. He was small, extremely thin, incredibly agile, never winded through running, and, though naked, never felt cold. The only clues to his human origins were a number of long-healed scars, especially one across the throat, hacked or slashed by an instrument. The others came from burns. His face (as a contemporary portrait shows) was round yet faunlike; his nose was pointed; several writers note his appealing smile and laugh. Laughter, or cries of ecstasy, came from observing the moon, or racing clouds or shining water, or any wildness of weather. Otherwise he was mute. He sniffed all food before deciding to eat. He would not touch bread (curious, this), nor meat, whether raw or

cooked. He seemed unaware of sex. He showed no spite or malice. He feared other children (so often cruel to solitaires) but warmed to adult kindnesses, including a kiss from the government representative. He never stopped trying to escape.

What made the Abbé choose the untried teacher? A shrewd guess, or something more? Itard (1774-1838) was to become an internationally known specialist, but at 26 his career had hardly begun. Seven years earlier he had moved from a Marseilles bank into hospital service to avoid the call-up of 1793. There he found not a refuge but a métier and a passion. Training as he went, he served in military hospitals in Toulon and then Paris; by being on hand to attend an accident case at the Deaf-Mute Institution he became a friend of Sicard, and tutor of the boy.

Yet no one other than Itard thought any teaching possible. By the time the boy had made the long and horrible journey to Paris he was generally written off as an 'idiot' (that wide diagnostic term). Naturally tidy, fastidious over food, he was dirty and cowed. Prodded and peered at for months, forced into hampering clothes, given what Itard calls 'shockingly disgusting' things to eat, he was wretched indeed. The Parisians who had naïvely hoped to be regarded with admiration and envy – was not their city the peak of civilisation? – looked at him with disgust. Itard lost no time. Kind Madam Guérin, his housekeeper, was detailed to tend and indulge the boy, to give him his chosen meals – beans, nuts, potatoes – and take him for walks in the gardens. In this reassuring setting the five year course began. First, the woodland, 'animal' skills must be wiped out; he must be given human responses – to cold, to sound, to time, to property, and to words.

Itard's two reports, of 1801 and 1806, have become classic documents. They are worth reading in full; recent English versions are in Lucien Malson's *Wolf Children* (NLB 1972). Apart from their invaluable casebook detail (where there is no orthodoxy can anything be unorthodox?) these lucid and eloquent writings reveal as much about the teacher as the taught – the inspired invention and the wounding mistakes; the exasperation and patience, the amused affection, the doubt and guilt. Victor did not lose what Itard called his 'immoderate longing' for the distant woods and fields, but he grew used to the cage. Lentils and such remained his chosen food, but he tolerated conventional dishes, so long as they were not sweet or highly spiced. He never overcame his repugnance to alcohol, but he drank his glass of water with a gourmet's style (so Itard noted), sipping it standing by the window, gazing out on the distant green,

as if in this moment of sheer delight this child of nature seeks to unite the only two things which remain of his lost freedom, a drink of clear water and the sight of the sun on the countryside.

And more had been achieved. By 1806 Victor could read and write simple sentences. His eyes focused; his ears heard. He showed hope and anger, guilt, the pangs of thought. In the professional view of Lane, he was at the promising *start* of his education.

Yet it is just at this point that Victor disappears – not into the woods, but out of Itard's writings; out of Itard's life. The reasons are complex; certainly he had failed his master's theory of speech. So, pensioned off at 20 or less, he was placed in the care of good Madame Guérin in a house near the Institution, where he died 22 years later in 1828. But Itard promptly launched a fresh project – the teaching of speech to six severely deaf students. Success! Oral teaching, as against sign, was vindicated.

Why then, in the last two decades of his life, did Itard wholly reverse his views on speech and sign? Was he attempting to lay a troubling ghost? Strangely, Victor himself, although so expressive a mime, was never given access to the medium used as link with writing by all Sicard's students. There was Massieu, for instance, teacher and philosopher, who at 14 had still been an illiterate deaf-mute peasant, one of six deaf-mute children. The pious father met the boy's pleas for teaching with harshness and scorn but he had escaped to become one of Sicard's star pupils. Massieu defined gratitude as *la mémoire du coeur*. Victor had this kind of memory.

Itard moved on, and Lane moves with him, through a lifetime of pioneer work for the deaf and retarded; he remained a bachelor, a brooding, impassioned man, with a touch of genius, a stoical pessimist in a pursuit whose very essence is hope. Lane depicts him shrewdly, profound in his admiration yet just in assessing Itard's points of failure. The most important of these concern Victor. Chiefly, he forgot that here was no ordinary case, but a unique creature. He set out to eradicate what he really needed to keep – a link with the boy's strange past. There was still time, you could say, to try to probe his story; but only two items appear to be mapped in the empty 22 years. One was a visit from Virey (the only one?) some ten years after the teaching ended; Victor was now (he noted) 'fearful, half-wild, quite unable to learn to speak'. The other is that Victor's brain was examined after death and found to be normal. Is this all that is known of his end? Lane tells how he sought out Itard's grave. Did Victor rate human burial? Did no one ever record Madame Guérin's views?

Circumstance made the pleasant rustic boy a phenomenon and a mystery, but such he was, and so he still remains. Yet, how

many controversial fields are touched by the facts in his story. Something is here of value for those concerned with the deaf, disturbed or retarded – or with captive animals; for the athlete and dietician too. The semantist reader might review the partisan colouring of such words as 'beastly' and 'civilised', and of the misused 'wild' itself, for boy or beast. But the core of the tale will be harder to put into practice. Myths don't allow second chances; there are not enough forests and too many humans to try the experiment again.

John Coleman

And That's A Fact

'Anyone for Sphairistike?' No, it hardly has the right lilt. Little wonder that Major Walter Clopton Wingfield was persuaded to change the name of the game, which he brought into the open air and popularised around the 1870s, to Lawn Tennis. If you want to learn more about this, and the letter J, and Matches, Saccharin, Jigsaw Puzzles and the Water Closet, you could do far worse than invest in Meredith Hooper's *More Everyday Inventions* (Angus & Robertson £3.20), a finely illustrated book for dipping into.

Some of the 30 entries make ironic reading today; under Cigarettes, we find: 'One big American company successfully appealed to women to smoke their brand with the slogan "Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet".' With greater knowledge of consequences, we order things better now: or do we? Aimed at a younger market, *Jungles* (Macdonald Topic Books £1.60), written and planned by Nora Stein, ends on an ominous note: 'In the time it takes you to read this page, about 60 hectares of jungle will have disappeared. That is equal to about 200 football pitches.' This may be good for us (for example, the Kariba dam on the Zambesi) but death to animals. Incidentally, how many of these are you familiar with – aye-aye, bongo, capybara, colugo, cuscus, douroucouli, indris, taman-

dua and tenrec? All are to be found in this pleasant mishmash of information, games, and ideas for making an anaconda or an Amazon village.

Closer to home, Ernest Dudley has produced two first-rate monographs, with helpful photographs and sketches, on 'our unknown wildlife', *The Fox and The Otter* (Muller £2.50 each). The principal concern here is to 'dehumanise' the beasts, to get under their skins. The fox is not sly or vicious and has certain senses, aided by its whiskers and 'eyebrows' (or *vibrissae*), 100 times more developed than in man. The otter, as anyone who has read Gavin Maxwell's books will know, is one of the few animals to go on playing about in adulthood; it is affectionate and forgiving, with several handy physical extras (like a third, or nictitating, eyelid) to enable it to live under water as well as on land; it repays observation, says Mr Dudley quite firmly, not merely for what you learn about it but 'what you learn about yourself, as a human being'.

By the same token, Chambers Quest Books, £1.40 each and designed for the 7-11 age group, might give the thoughtful reader pause. *The Dolphin*, in particular, could teach us something about gentleness: this little volume also has the simplest description of the sex act (dolphins would seem to mate much as we do, belly to belly) that I can recall. Presumably they enjoy it. What *The Salmon* gets out of mating is harder to imagine: the female makes a nest, or redd, and lowers her body over it to lay her eggs. The male then squirts milt over them. It all registers as a bit dull for the female. More fascinating are the stages in the evolution of the salmon from egg to maturity. There are different words for each step: alevin, fingerling, parr and smolt.

Another Quest Book, *Spices*, colourfully illustrated by Louis Joos, incorporates a quiet amount of history, from – as they say – the dawn of time, through the Crusades and the establishment of the Dutch East India Company, up to the present day. And if you want to know why saffron is still so expensive, the answer is that over 200,000 stigmas (the stigma is part of the autumn crocus) are needed to make one pound.

Spices figure largely in *The Story of Indonesia* by Maslyn Williams, illustrated by Elaine Haxton (Angus & Robertson £2.80). This, and a revised edition of *The*

Children's Books



The Story of Edward

Written and illustrated in full colour and black and white by PHILIPPE DUMAS

Edward is a donkey with a difference. He can dance. And with his long ears tucked under his hat nobody would guess he wasn't a perfectly ordinary person – until he is unmasked. Ages 5-8 £1.50

The Golden Mountain

The Adventures of Jack and Pete

Written and illustrated in full colour by WILLI BAUM

The excitements of the Wild West prove too great for these two earnest cowboys and they decide to return to their peaceful farming life. Ages 5-8 £2.50

Numbers 1-10 and back again

Written and illustrated in full colour by ALEX BRYCHTA

A simple bus ride makes a memorable first counting book. The child counts chins, medals, lollipops, fishing rods and even parrots! Ages 5-7 £1.75

W.O.O. The Wizard of Op

Written and illustrated in black and white by ED EMBERLEY

In the land of Op spots appear before the eyes, straight lines begin to swirl, bubbles rise and disappear. Optical art creates a real feeling of magic and movement. Ages 6+ £1.95

Buzzbugs

BRUCE CARTER

A quiet corner of England is suddenly subjected to terror from the sky. Lucy kept her nerve. So did her friend, John, but no one believed their story, until someone became a victim! Ages 9+ £2.95

Dent

Story of Australia (£2.80) by Meredith Hooper, are cleanly-written potted histories of countries in the making. The one on Indonesia is harder going, possibly because there are more tormented and twisted events to unravel. I prefer the tongue-in-cheek simplicity of this, describing the return of a half-dead explorer, Edward John Eyre, to 20-month-old Adelaide: 'It was good to sleep in a bed and eat the local delicacies of kangaroo tail, emu leg and cockatoo pie.' Well, maybe, cobber, but our home-grown children might be forgiven for preferring the Edwardian-style recipes in *Mary Poppins in the Kitchen* (Collins £2.25), written by P. L. Travers and Maurice Moore-Betty (as cookery consultant) – pictures, as ever, by Mary Shepard. The children are left with Mary P. for a week, such regulars as Admiral Boom, the Bird Woman and Miss Lark drop in, and every day has its menu: kedgeree, Lancashire hot pot, lemon pudding, though the entry for 'Jelly' cheats rather: 'It needs no cooking. Just follow the directions on the packet.'

Doing as much with Kevin Goldstein-Jackson's *Experiments with Everyday Objects* (Souvenir Press £3) might not always prove as easy as that; I foresee a few smashed eggs as well as foreshell the odd bad odour ('The Red into White Rose Experiment', but, to be fair, a warning is given that burning sulphur has a horrible stink); I also wonder why the blurb writer has mentioned 'over 60 experiments' when there are actually nearly 90, ranging from 'The Moving Apples' to 'The Dry Paper under Water'. In every case, a basic scien-

tific principle underlies the fun and games: air-pressure, magnetics, sound vibrations, and so on.

Briefly and strongly recommended: Margaret Lloyd Davies's *The Coast, Mountains and Hills*, and *Lowlands* (Muller £2.35 each); Angela Lewer's sketches are models of clarity, the text is kept deliberately dry, and there are plenty of splendid new words to pick up (and to try out in the three crossword puzzles at the end of each book, presumably in lieu of glossary or index). Nathaniel Harris is on to an excellent wheeze with his 'Families in History' series: the latest titles are *The Nelsons* and *The Shaws* (Dent £2.75 each) and the pawky, no-nonsense approach serves admirably to ferry over a lot of social information. Peter Connolly's magnificently detailed and munitically illustrated *The Greek Armies* (Macdonald £2.95) is learning made really painless. Last note: will several of you writers out there please remember the correct spelling of 'impostor'? Thank you.

Julia Eccleshare

As If By Magic

Witches and wizards, once the bogey-men of fairy stories, have in recent years been given a new, improved image. Gone are the lean fingers, the cackling laughs, the evil incantations and the pointed hats. The staff as a symbol of power is all that remains, and the power is now of a far more intense kind: these magical characters have become the quasi-religious controllers of the forces of good and evil. Ursula Le Guin's *Earthsea* trilogy (Gollancz £4.25) was one of the pioneers of this revamping, and both old fans and new readers will be delighted to have the three books bound in one volume. From the birth of Sparrowhawk and his training at the School for Wizards (a delightful idea that gives *The Wizard of Earthsea* a hint of the school story) through the almost classically mythical *The Tombs of Atuan*, in which Sparrowhawk frees the young priestess who from birth has been trapped as a servant of her religion, to the final, semi-allegorical *The Furthest Shore*, where the battle against evil is fought to the death, Ursula Le Guin creates a perfect, totally credible world, inhabited by wizards, sorcerers and dragons, and overlaid with a complex web of power struggles.

Diana Wynne Jones's *Charmed Life* (Macmillan £2.95) gives a lighter but equally satisfying picture of a world where magic prevails. It is a brilliantly funny story which, with its seemingly Edwardian setting, is deceptively straightforward until the frightful Gwendolen's wild misuse of her magical powers reveals all the characters to be part of a formidable hierarchy, stretching from the dreaded Enchanters at the top of the scale to the mere witches and warlocks, who, for everyday purposes, are disguised as housekeepers, butlers or small-time charmers. With such a cast the magic

and trickery are nonstop, but all is perfectly controlled, and while laughing at the everyday, small-scale, joke-shop display of supernatural powers, one is gradually drawn towards a more serious moral skirmish.

Both Ursula Le Guin and Diana Wynne Jones have created complete magic worlds which are almost perfect in every detail. Gillian Avery's *Huck and Her Time Machine* (Collins £3.50) attempts to fuse two periods of time into one world. The Huxtable family, children of a wildly irresponsible mother who conveniently disappears at the beginning of the book, is a disappointing collection of stereotypes; and Huck herself, with her endless 'shrieking', 'yelling' and 'hurling herself' at people, becomes both irritating and wearing. From this unpropitious start Gillian Avery, with the help of the Time Machine, introduces a collection of Huxtable ancestors as replacements for whichever of her siblings Huck finds particularly intolerable. The result of all this is restless and confused, and the characters from the past are never successfully blended into the present.

In E. L. Konigsburg's *Father's Arcane Daughter* (Macmillan £2.95) the one character from the past has carefully prepared herself for the present. The arcane daughter appears suddenly 17 years after being kidnapped from college and presumed dead. Her father now has a new family: the charming Winston, through whose eyes much of the story is told, and his retarded sister Heidi. Caroline (if that is who she is) gradually takes over the family and breaks down the tensions and pretences which have enclosed it; in particular, she cracks the protective shell which has been smothering Heidi and trapping Winston with her. Slowly, after a neat interrogatory introduction to each chapter, the story is unfolded and the truth revealed. E. L. Konigsburg, though serious, avoids any sense of preaching; and she offers a clear child's-eye-view of the situation, complete with all doubts and confusions.

There are no actual secrets in Peter Dickinson's *Annerton Pit* (Gollancz £3.25), but there is a strong sense of mystery and a feeling of unknown, almost supernatural forces. Martin, adolescent and rebellious but basically a good sort, and Jake, his blind but noble younger brother, set off in search of their grandfather who has disappeared somewhere in the north of England. They find him held prisoner by the Green Revolutionaries, who are fighting against the desecration of the English countryside. All three are then taken hostage and trapped in a disused mine shaft. The story of their escape, which is largely brought about by Jake's skill at listening and interpreting the sounds of the mine, is frighteningly realistic and is kept convincing by a marked lack of lucky chances or flukish, eleventh-hour reprieves. Nor is Jake's blindness, despite its obvious usefulness in this context, ever underrated. Peter Dickinson has written a contemporary adventure story which contains more than just exciting escapades. The relationship between the two brothers, their attitude to their grandfather, the confusion between the right thinking but wrong actions of the Green Revolutionaries are all covered with insight and commonsense.



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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Andrew Saint

The Byker Street Irregulars

Travelling east out of Newcastle the going gets consistently bleaker until, near the crossing of the Ouse Burn, one tastes the full, familiar bitterness of urban dereliction. Then, a little above the bridge, begin gradual signs of renewed activity. First, huge hollow boxes of reinforced concrete strewn about the landscape, awaiting assembly: not, mercifully, for the motorway once planned here but for the local metro, at last coming close to reality after years of bickering and delay. Next to these, quiet at present compared to the frenzy of the Mowlem men working on the metro, but rising steadily, some half-finished housing quickly catches the eye, uneven in height and with a strange, unbroken, serpentine frontage. You notice first the bare concrete cross-walls, then, further east, the brick cladding going up in gay expressionistic patterns, punctuated by few windows. At the brow of the hill this high, fortress-like wall is complete and cuts suddenly away to the south, sprouting painted wooden balconies as it retreats. There is then a break of 100 yards for a railway cutting and beyond it the barrier wall resumes, an astonishing sight in the barren landscape, snaking and ducking away to the east for a mile and more in a blaze of hot, rich colour.

This is the Byker Wall and here is Byker: Byker the bold, Byker the romantic, and – according to one of its chief begetters, Vernon Gracie of Ralph Erskine and Associates – Byker the over-exposed. Erskine and his committed band of architectural helpers have certainly had their meed of praise: acclaim in the technical press, a colour-supplement story, and a unique accolade in the BBC's *Spirit of the Age*. But there are plenty of reasons for coming back to Byker, the best of which is to learn from the most spectacular and unequivocally successful British housing development of recent times.

Byker is big. Just how big and how varied is only now becoming physically plain, with the project still hardly half built. The area to be redeveloped covers two whole square miles and will be some 9,500 strong in population, making up a sizeable, homogeneous community ensconced behind its town wall. Any account of Byker must start with the Wall, since that is the one inescapable feature, the single concession to monumentality, and the main way in for the outsider, who must enter through one of its occasional portals. Though specially apt because so near the ancient line of Hadrian's Wall, it is not a whim or a folly but a sound barrier, its blank outer façade being turned towards the metro and the projected motorway, which may yet be built to lesser specifications. Mostly it casually whips up and down, in and out; but at the east end a neo-Gothic church peeps wittily over a low

section, in the centre the old public baths have been incorporated, while close to the west end comes the complete rift for the railway. Beyond this in the Dunn Terrace phase, not yet finished though the first washing is out on the lines here and there, the Wall ends with (dare one whisper it) a tower block of 13 storeys, sited to capitalise on the view that Byker enjoys over the Tyne Valley. There will be no children in this block, nor for that matter are there any in the relatively high-rise dwellings elsewhere in the Wall. All of these face inwards and southwards to partake of the view and shut out the noise, so the wall is vastly different on this side and the gaily slatted and painted balconies come into their own.

But Byker is far from being centred on the Wall. Standing by the parish church at the top of the 'bank', one looks down at the heart of the matter – a dense and variegated sea of low-rise housing stretching into the middle distance in stabs of strident blue balconies and 'monoplane' roofs, mottled here and there with green. Closer to hand, the worn old terraces of Tyneside flats still curl up the hill in comparative discipline towards the church, except where the next phase of clearance has left a small patch of landscape bare. Here at once one of the sensitivities of the scheme is manifest, the planners having persuaded the DoE to grant small compulsory purchase orders instead of creating massive clearance areas. The development is then subdivided and built in phases of up to 250 units, and tenants can be transferred from old to new housing without the brutality of the double move necessary for those who were uprooted from the 3,000 homes cleared for the motorway in Byker's bad days back in 1966.

Byker for the people of Byker has been the watchword of development from the start in 1969, and it remains the motto today despite recent murmurings from nearby Walker, which has seen the locals come into their own and would like more of the inheritance. Byker has always been unusually homogeneous, wholly working-class and almost untouched by immigration. This was a bonus for Erskine's team, but less responsible architects could easily have dissipated the legacy. Instead, old neighbours have been rehoused together in the maze of pedestrian streets, squares and courts, their privacy enhanced. This achievement is far from a mere matter of design, though for simple freshness and versatility the housing is hard to beat. Equally vital has been the accent on participation, a fervent part of the Erskine creed which soon communicated itself to the Newcastle authorities. Participation was the key to the final decision to demolish the whole of the old district rather than to rehabilitate parts. Now, housing is only allocated after meetings

have taken place with tenants at Byker, and the same idea has been adopted elsewhere in the city. Community facilities are copious; the *Byker Phoenix* is thoroughly established, and an urban farm has just been set up not far away. The architects have also showered tenants with posters and advice on how to handle unfamiliar locks and gadgets in the new flats, how to care for plants during last year's drought, and so on. Under the fostering ingenuity of Erskine's landscape team, planting, both public and private, has been generous and inspired, and there has been little vandalism. Recently, since Byker is exceptionally densely planned and the newer phases have, in contrast to earlier ones, included many dwellings for families with several children, the architects have experimented with local kids on various types of playground equipment and organisation.

Much of this would have been impossible without one main factor, the architects' presence since 1969 on site where, set up in an old corner shop at the centre of the development, they have acted not just as designers but also as unpaid GPs. There is perhaps less of this now than when the first families moved in three years ago, but it is still a big part of the job. Ralph Erskine is himself on record as a proponent of the necessity for 'feedback' and a critic of the modern 'renaissance' architect who will work for whoever can pay him. Byker is the proof of his team's sincerity. Vernon Gracie, Erskine's effective partner for the project, even lived over the shop for the first few years, until to his surprise he found himself offered one of his own maisonettes, having fulfilled residency requirements.

Byker is the firm's only British office, but Erskine himself operates and manages all his other jobs from Sweden, having been driven there in 1939 in the search for work. It was in Sweden, not Britain, that he made his name and began to use 'reference groups' to discuss housing projects with would-be residents before the design stage. Nevertheless his other British buildings (all of them quite recent) have not been so sternly democratic as Byker. Clare Hall, a small graduate college at Cambridge, sounds a classic project of privilege, though its architecture dispels any sense of that; it is a low, easeful, conglomerate building of markedly Scandinavian type, where the roofs duck up and down and only some weird wooden guttering betrays much conscious crafting. At Eaglestone, a housing estate done for Bovis at Milton Keynes, with the results of which Erskine's men seem not wholly happy, the clients were not interested in participation. More recently and farther afield, Erskine has been designing a township for Eskimos at Resolute Bay, Canada. Byker remains by far the biggest development that the firm has handled and the one where they have been most able to explore their ideas. Its success demonstrates what can, with will-power and ideals, be made of public housing. It is hard to think of a recent British housing project where so much of the credit is due directly to the architects. Mention socialism, and Erskine's lads will grow glassy-eyed and look the other way; but at Byker they have created the most practical socialism we have had in housing for many years.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Brum Boys

Destiny Aldwych

A Midsummer Night's Dream Stratford
Waters of the Moon Chichester

I've long regarded David Edgar as the shrillest and least subtle of the school of playwrights whose head prefects are Howard Brenton and David Hare, scarcely the man to write interestingly about British nationalism, a subject that has provoked more blood-flecked foaming on the theatrical left than any other in recent years. But *Destiny* is a surprise, and in many ways an agreeable one. Its aim is less to point a skinny finger at acknowledged enemies, and cant self-righteously about them to already consenting audiences, than to interpret, understand and explain. Why have so many of our fellow-citizens been responding to the blandishments of the National Front just lately? Could some of them have been through experiences denied to most readers of the NS and most spectators at the Aldwych?

Just take a walk, leave the car for once. You might even stop occasionally and listen to what people are saying. Widow I visit. Only white face in the street. No English newspaper. The butcher's gone. The kids smash up her windows. Yes, of course, all kids do that, but when the street was white it didn't happen. So I call her a racist? Old man, about 60, strong trades unionist. Refused to take a cut in bonus rates. Got the push, his job went to a Pakistani. He's a fascist?

These words don't fling off the salivating tongue and through the twisted lips of a mad-eyed messiah with 'Enoch' plastered, in agitprop fashion, across his worsted waistcoat. The speaker is a decent and reasonable character, a young social worker, the wife of an aspiring Labour MP in danger of losing a Midlands by-election because of sympathy for a strike involving Asians.

Even when he comes to the nationalists themselves, Mr Edgar's mind doesn't clam up. Nation Forward's candidate, the one whose intervention eventually throws the election to the Tories, has reason to feel resentful at the main parties, since they left him powerless to save his shop from the property predators. His supporters include lapsed Tories and apostate Socialists alike, disparate people who have found common cause in the conviction that social change has rarely, if ever, been to their benefit. An elderly lady talks of inflation and fixed incomes. A shop-steward worries about working for a company with its boardroom in Detroit, one already heavily reliant on immigrant labour. The wife of a college lecturer moans about living in an unmarketable house in a 'declining' area. An unemployed boy tries to articulate his sense of impotence and drift. Their bewilderment and anxiety, their hankering for order and security, are all, Mr Edgar agrees, natural

enough. But when these feelings combine with native xenophobia, or a nostalgia for lost Empire, or both, they create a class of person liable to credit the capsule conspiracies postulated by excrescences like Nation Forward. It even comes to seem conceivable that one's troubles have been caused by a bizarre conclave of speculators, Trots, multinational corporations and (of course) Jews, all dedicated to mongrelising the nation into submission.

So Mr Edgar argues, and pretty convincingly too, considering there are 23 characters listed in the programme and plenty of events to steer them through. Psychological speculation can only go so far when the plot is careering from Indian raj to contemporary Brum, from constituency headquarters to meeting hall to factory gates. The evening has, as we should expect, more width than depth. Still, the actors do what they can to persuade us that the people they're playing don't exist purely to illustrate some set political stance. Michael Pennington brings pain, as well as surly indignation, to the ex-colonial major who blames his son's death in Ulster on the decrepitude of Westminster; and Ian McDiarmid's squat, skulking shopkeeper, peeping out at a menacing world like some mistrustful beetle, is particularly cannily observed. The scene in which bigwigs from Forward headquarters rehearse this stooge in the art of quelling hecklers is the most vivid of the evening. Much of the time, Ron Daniels's production makes us feel that we, too, are in Stechford or Walsall, watching the manoeuvring and manipulation, the skulduggery behind the threadbare arras. Some of it, we're even tempted to share the burgeoning paranoia that is being so nimbly exploited by those smiling men with their purple ties and soothing talk.

It was the ending, with Mr McDiarmid left reeling at the revelation that Nation Forward is to be financed by the same anonymous conglomerate that stole his business, that bothered me: partly because it's over- neat, and certainly too glib to count as proof that rogue capitalism is preparing the path for fascism, but mainly because it brought to bursting-point an objection that had been festering in me all evening. Mr Edgar may diagnose paranoia in others – but doesn't he suffer from some such disease himself? Sympathy for Nation Forward's dupes and victims doesn't prevent him concocting a ritual in which capering Brummies salute a photo of Hitler, nor from introducing a sinister Canadian to thump a reveller in the diaphragm with a snarl of 'you a tough guy, soldier?'. Something in me boggled at the sensationalism of this scene, something else at the notion that City bankers are funnelling cash to the neo-Nazis, and something at the inference, delicately mooted near the start, that 'younger officers' in the army may be contemplating a coup. Nor was I convinced by Mr Edgar's apparent belief that out-and-out class warfare is the only alternative to out-and-out race warfare, still less by his closing suggestion, reinforced by a quotation from the eternal Adolf, that we can only stop fascism by 'smashing' it in embryo 'with the utmost brutality'. The danger of a British SS doesn't seem to be sufficient to justify a British Cheka; but then, as I write

this, I'm looking across the peaceful rooftops of SW6. From the point of view of Brixton or Birmingham or Blackburn, it might be me that was smug, not Edgar who was self-indulgent.

Stratford and Chichester both started to hum last week, the former, predictably, with the more distinction. Brook's acrobat-and-aluminium *Dream* is now seven years in the past, and John Barton clearly feels it's time to bring back Andrew Lang: hence his enchanted forest and the dandelion-down hairstyles of its very bosky population. This is a pleasing, unpretentious production, with rather more sex than usual on display – just one more wriggle, and Helena would surely have raped Demetrius and an authentically funny Pyramus and Thisbe. Richard Griffiths's vague, bumbling Bottom should not, however, unilaterally carry out his promise to 'roar you as gently as any sucking dove': he is too often barely audible. *Waters of the Moon* won N. C. Hunter the title of 'the English Chekhov' 25 years ago, mainly because he, too, introduced representatives of metropolitan excitement into a glum social outback. But John Clements's production doesn't persuade us that the ideas or characters begin to justify the comparison: could the author of *Uncle Vanya* have created anything as sentimental and improbable as the exiled Austrian composer, impotently dreaming of that 'old and tired and wrinkled woman', Vienna, from the windows of his Dartmoor hotel? Still, it's interesting as a period-memoir, a picture of the middle classes stumbling through their long, Crippsian winter.

Films

John Coleman

Not So Dusty

Immoral Tales (X, London) Cinecenta;
Filmcenta; ABC Bayswater; Screen on
the Green

Shattered (AA) EMI International
Carquake and *The Giant Spider Invasion*
(A) Metropole; Odeon, Kensington

Walerian Borowczyk is a Polish director who has been working out of Paris for nearly 20 years now. Born in 1923, he started with a number of disconcerting short films, among them the macabre animation, *Le Théâtre de Monsieur et Madame Kabal*, the brilliant reverse-action trickery of *Renaissance*, and the more questionable reconstructed monologue of a simple girl who has murdered her baby, *Rosalie*. Objects of all kinds interest him abnormally – clocks, mirrors, boxes, old photos, ribbons, musical instruments. 'I will show you fear in a handful of dust,' promises the voice in *The Waste Land*: Borowczyk can strike the heart with dread by patrolling his camera over some scattered shreds of cloth. In 1968, he made his first feature, *Goto, Island of Love*, a painfully bleak fable of brutal workers and ritual torments;

four years later came the stunningly beautiful yet sinister *Blanche*, and two years after that his *Immoral Tales*. This last has a chequered history. One of its original episodes was removed and puffed up to feature length, resulting in *The Beast*, which some of us saw at a jam-packed showing during the 1975 London Film Festival. What's more, soon after the *Tales*, Borowczyk took on a tumescent piece of Polish picaresque, a novel highly regarded in its homeland, to give us the melodramatic *Story of Sin*. So the 'latest' Borowczyk is actually the third out of five shown to some sort of audience, however restricted, over here.

It is in four parts and exhibits marks of censorial scissors in places, mostly *those* places. Either that, or its director chickened out at crucial moments, which seems highly unlikely in view of his public pronouncements: 'I am a voyeur, like everybody', and 'I consider my last work as a manifesto on the indecency of the censor'. The opening episode, drawn from a short story by André Pieyre de Mandiargues, is called 'The Tide' and has a 20-year-old student ordering his 16-year-old cousin, delectable Julie (Lise Danvers), to perform fellation on him while he tells her about the tide and they wait for it to go out. There are many birds in the sky. One does not see the lad's genitalia. 'Thérèse the Philosopher' takes the viewer back to 1890 and a castle in Normandy. Young Thérèse is first seen in church, hearing God's voice as she fingers various ecclesiastical ornaments. Home late and her old aunt amateurishly whips her before shutting her up in a room full of junk, including – of course – a slim volume, *Thérèse Philosophe*, with naughty etchings. Auntie also chucks a few bananas in with the lass as aliment: it would take a mind of stone not to guess what they are subsequently used for, though even I was shaken (shades of the *vagina dentata*?) when one banana re-emerged in neat slices. After a lot of heaving on the bed, Thérèse escapes from a window and squeals as an old man chases her; the synopsis speaks of rape, but all I saw was a cow tranquilly chewing. Presumably, this is meant to be funny haha.

'Erzsebet Bathory', if memory serves me correctly, is founded on a real-life Hungarian countess whose custom it was to bathe in the blood of virgins, and is definitely funny peculiar. Accompanied by a girlish page (who is – surprise – a girl all along, and the lover who is to betray her), she visits a village, sorts out the prettiest wenches and herds them off to her stately home. There they are bidden to wash thoroughly (*wasn't it fun in the bath to-night?*) and we are afforded more bobbing titties and bums and all than we really need; a maiden spits out a mouthful of pearls and hides one you know where; when the countess makes a regal descent down some stairs, the naked innocents cluster round, giggling and frolicking, till they have divested her of every stitch save her ruff and headdress. A bit later, they have vanished and the countess (Paloma Picasso, as if it mattered) has her own authentic blood-bath. This is nasty. The last story moves back to 1498 and has Lucrezia Borgia (Florence Bellamy) laughing merrily away as her father, Pope Alexander VI, and her

brother use her at both ends (having first disposed of her wet third husband). The result is a smiling baby, whose baptism we witness, mother proud and happy. The panoply is moderately impressive, there has been further use of erotic sketches – this time of stallions' erect members – and Savonarola is shown ranting from a pulpit and, later, burnt. I know there should be more to say about a Borowczyk film, but one does want one's pornography or eroticism to be arousing and the most telling instants here are few and far between and have little to do with sex, unless one finds menace sexy. Then those tattered garments of the Countess, Thérèse's wooden doll, a weighty tome turned biscuit-container take their macabre toll.

Brevities: *Shattered*, subtitled from the French, is an utterly conventional, quite well-made thriller – with some nice interplay between Jean-Louis Trintignant and Richard Constantini as his 11-year-old stepson – about a mysteriously avenging pursuer on the road: alas, mystery evaporates early thanks to some unsagacious flashbacks. Paul Bartel's *Carquake* uses a few of the principals and more of the plot of *Death Race 2000*, but humourlessly: with all those flaming autos it would have been better named *Carnage*. *The Giant Spider Invasion* is set in Wisconsin and might comfortably have stayed there. Sample line: 'Sheriff, if your stomach can stand it, we've got a 50-foot spider out there on the loose'. My stomach can stand it. It's my poor old head that hurts.

Music

Andrew Clements

What's New?

An Evening with György Ligeti Queen Elizabeth Hall/Radio 3

For those who find comfort in neat categorisations, the middle-aged leaders of the European avant garde exhibit easily classified characteristics. Stockhausen is the mystic with pretensions of Wagnerian grandeur, Berio the craftsman facilely fashioning glittering artefacts, Boulez the aristocratic idealist, repeatedly refining the same nuggets in an attempt to create the ultimate synthesis of the French tradition. Finding an appropriate niche for György Ligeti is far more difficult. At least the others have diverged from a common background – the composition class clustered around Messiaen in the immediate post-war years; Ligeti's modernist development began later, retarded by life in Stalinist Hungary. There modern music meant Debussy, Stravinsky and Bartók – no second Viennese School – and even middle-period expressionist Bartók was proscribed. All that could be heard of the new music from the West came through the jamming of late-night radio broadcasts.

Norman Bailey is THE FLYING DUTCHMAN Solti's latest Wagner recording

To anyone who saw Norman Bailey's triumphant 'Flying Dutchman' on television, or who has enjoyed Solti's distinguished series of Wagner recordings over the past eighteen years, this new set must be indispensable. It has all the authority of their joint experience, and an ideal supporting cast, making this the finest possible tribute to Sir Georg Solti in his thirtieth anniversary year of recording for Decca.

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When Ligeti escaped to Cologne after the 1956 uprising a certain amount of culture shock was inevitable; he recovered his equilibrium working in Stockhausen's electronic studio and composing little other than two brief electronic pieces.

When he did return to conventional composition, the earlier isolation proved to have had some compensations. Had Ligeti spent the early Fifties in the West he would most probably have become involved with the total serialists; his musical thinking could hardly have avoided its influence. While to have heard Ligeti flexing his muscles within the strait-jacket of total serialism would have been fascinating, bypassing such a rigorous dialectic allowed him an unself-conscious prodigality in his attitude to the basic elements of pitch and rhythm. Where these quantities had previously been assiduously rationed, Ligeti could assemble huge terraces of notes in the static curtains of his early Western orchestral pieces that were used for Kubrick's *2001*. Here filling the total space of pitches became the norm, and expressive gestures were often the result of textural 'holes', the absence of notes rather than their careful deployment. Similarly the many-layered rhythmic configurations – 'grids' Ligeti calls them – first presented in the absurdity of a piece for 100 metronomes, allowed him to build up complex rhythmic aggregates out of relatively simple elements.

These basic properties have remained almost stable in Ligeti's series of works over the last 15 years. The chordal writing is now often horizontal, with strands of rippling semiquavers in place of the misty veils; otherwise, little has changed, except for the emergence of the composer's quirky sense of humour, first of all in the work for metronomes, most recently in the yet-to-be-performed opera *Le Grand Macabre*.

The immediacy and attractiveness of these Western works have led us to ignore everything that Ligeti wrote prior to 1956. But the London Music Digest's concert placed the 'prehistoric' Ligeti (as he likes to call it) alongside familiar Sixties pieces most helpfully, so that like could be compared with like – the First String Quartet (written in 1953-4) with the Second (written in 1968), the Six Bagatelles for Wind Quintet (1953) with the Ten Pieces for Wind Quintet (1968). Also included was the first British performance of a work for two pianos: *Monument, Selbstporträt, Bewegung*. Such an opportunity could invite the most fallacious cross-references; viewing a composer's development with hindsight is a most dangerous occupation. But what was surprising about hearing these Hungarian works for the first time was how unlike the Ligeti we know they seemed, and how overwhelming the struggle to avoid imitating Bartók and Stravinsky would have been had he not been able to hear other modern composers. The early pieces for wind quintet bore few of Ligeti's fingerprints. Elsewhere there is almost undiluted Stravinsky – the nagging reworking of jagged motifs in the first bagatelle – and Bartók. However, the Ten Pieces of 1968 seem almost a textbook of Ligetian gestures, a kaleidoscope of fragments and textures, shaking out one or two to form the basis of each piece within the framework of a series of mini-

concertos for each member of the quintet.

Between the two string quartets surface similarities are even fewer. In the First, a continuous sectional piece subtitled 'Metamorphoses nocturnes', Bartók is all-pervasive: how difficult it must have been to write for the medium in Hungary with such an oppressive legacy as his six quartets. Ligeti himself sees in certain sections pre-echoes of later pieces: the 'ticking of weird machinery', and 'static iridescent sound textures'. I am less convinced, but the Second Quartet seems to me one of his most impressive achievements: a five-movement work that explores the entire range of his technique, juxtaposing its expressive potentialities more effectively than elsewhere. Yet was it merely the context that underlined certain Bartókian elements even in so mature a work?

In his brief introduction to the new work, the composer tentatively suggested that it and the forthcoming opera might show a 'new Ligeti'. Certainly the feeling of the first of its three pieces, *Monument*, is more solid and granitic than anything else of his I've heard. It's another grid piece, slowly accumulating eight strata of different rhythmic character and dynamic level. There's little attempt to ingratiate the ear with seductive sounds; the effect is austere, the ending inconclusive as it spirals into the uppermost registers of the instruments. The full title of the second piece is 'Self-portrait with Reich and Riley (and Chopin in the background)'; Ligeti's intention seems to have been to parody his own rhythmic processes while paying tribute to the work of Steve Reich and Terry Riley, both of whom achieve similar layered effects starting from different premises. The reference to Chopin concerns the close of the piece where the final presto recalls the ending of his B Flat Minor Sonata. The movement is curiously tentative and evanescent, once again ending hesitantly and fading away to nothing. *Bewegung* is described as a 'liquefaction' of *Monument*, replacing the unbending structures of the first piece with shimmering lines and ending in a Debussy-like chorale intended to form the coda to all three movements. The audience certainly loved it and demanded an encore from the splendid piano duo of Antonio Ballista and Bruno Canino. Yet the work's intention seemed unclear. If this really is the beginning of a new Ligeti, this work is surely not its definitive exposition.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Blackheads

According to London Weekend's lively *London Programme*, it is 'traditional' in this country for 3.47 per cent of the electorate to vote for parties of the extreme Right. Thus, if there are thirty people living in your street, there's a fair chance that one and a bit of them spends his evenings trying

on ill-fitting armbands, re-arranging his back issues of *Health and Efficiency*, or trying to persuade his blackheads to go back where they came from.

Or so we'd like to think. One of the merits of Angela Lambert's chilling and intelligent investigation of the National Front activities in London was that it didn't try to comfort us with any cartoon versions of your average neo-Fascist. Distressingly, we learn that the movement is attracting more and more members who are no more nuts or physically out of shape than we are, members who until recently were automatically staunch Labourites, or whose approach to politics is entirely conditioned by what's happening, or not happening, in their own backyards. A bit short on imagination, some of them, perhaps – but not exactly the diseased monsters that the Left turns up at rallies to denounce.

Some of the most interesting interviews in the programme were with people who had joined the Front with vaguely patriotic motives, vaguely racist (or anti-black) disgruntlements, and had then been appalled to find how much Hitlerism was at work among the leadership. They'd somehow never connected their own instinctive hostility to black people with Hitler's no less instinctive hostility to Jews. Some of them had fought for this country against Hitler – so, him bad. They'd fought against him only to find that their jobs and houses were being taken over by black immigrants – so, them also bad. Imagine the confusion therefore, in these 'ordinary, decent' minds to find John Tindall strutting in his Nazi gear, looking like something out of a David Low cartoon. It was their disappointment, their not having thought along these lines before, that was depressing; more depressing, in its way than the grandiose posturings of the Front's leaders. One of these, Derek Day, was caught in absurdly televisual posture, climbing apoplectically from his front windows to pour scorn upon the cameras he'd earlier refused to countenance: out-Gartnetting Garnett he embarked on a break-neck soliloquy – 'Don't lay a hand on me, or I'll break your fucking jaw' more or less summed up his position vis-a-vis the media; and the same went for 'every dirty, stinking councillor who sticks up for the niggers'. An ugly sight, and though not in uniform, Day must have scared off just a few fans with this manic cameo. Unluckily, the latest news is that he too has quarrelled with his chiefs and has gone freelance.

Wavering NF supporters in places like Wood Green can expect the odd punch-up to remind them where their loyalties should lie, but so far the National Front hasn't attempted to imitate Northern Ireland-style methods of intimidation. *World In Action*'s valuable study of the collapse of Ian Paisley's strike (Granada) offered many instances of how the experts go about this kind of thing ('We hope you haven't booked any holidays this year') and was also revealing about Paisley's political naivety – was there not some genuineness in the rude reverend's bafflement when quizzed about the support he'd got from the Protestant para-military groups, the kind of support he's always said he doesn't need? If there was, it's the genuineness of the never-to-be-trusted.

Mentmore

James Fenton

Final View

I went last week to a charity open day at Mentmore, an occasion I would not have missed for the world. It was like being in at the kill. It had a splendour and a cruelty, a finality that was horribly fascinating. It was true that every attempt had been made to depersonalise the occasion. In the whole house there was practically no item which indicated that the place had recently been inhabited by human beings. There were no personal effects, no paperbacks or Tauchnitzes, no toothbrushes or letters, no pens except a box of swan quills. There was very little bedding. The feather mattresses had for the most part been burned. There was one rubber hot water bottle hanging on its peg.

And the crowd, for the most part, was searching for precisely such evidences. On the ground floor, in the vast hall, we were respectful and impressed. In the bedrooms we felt more at ease. In the servants' quarters, among the junk furniture, we were completely at home. 'Well,' said one lady, settling into an arm chair, 'if I'd been in charge, I can only say that the place would have been a great deal cleaner.' This was just the attitude one expected to find behind the green baize door. We felt immeasurably superior to the Roseberies. Another lady said airily: 'I do hate to see beautiful furniture left in the sun, so that the veneer is allowed to crack.' In *her* house, we were supposed to understand, such things would never have happened. Cowed in the presence of superior wealth, we fell back on superior discernment, taste or practicality.

There was not much, we told ourselves, that we would actually, personally, have wanted. Quite frankly, these Boule armoires were not what we went in for. And yet had the collection been presented not as a series of numbered lots, but as a museum, our reactions would have been quite different. What a superb museum it was. There was a political, a historical character to the collection – it constantly evoked images of blood and the tumbrils. Here was the furniture and the frippery of the *ancien régime*. Here too were reminders of what had happened to the *ancien régime*. And here finally were reminders of what had happened to those who overthrew the *ancien régime*. How appropriate that, among all the ormolu and gilt, one should come across the thin-lipped sneer of Voltaire, Zoffany's painting of the crowd ransacking the wine cellars of the Tuileries palace, and a tiny, grey, menacing Fragonard depicting a tribunal. There was a series of revolutionary portraits, some of them purporting to show the leaders at the height of their power and at the moment of their eclipse – 'Couthon au tribunal, Couthon sur la charrette', the pride of the orator, the humiliation of the tumbrel.

No doubt the owners of Mentmore gained great satisfaction from contemplating such

contrasts. But for use there was little satisfaction in observing the disintegration of a collection we could have owned. Mentmore was a museum. What can it possibly become when stripped of its collection? No more than an imposing folly. The philistinism of Peter Shore and the spinelessness of Shirley Williams have combined to throw away what could have been so easily preserved. Such thoughtless destruction makes one shudder. To save Mentmore was a mere matter of good book-keeping. To replace it will be impossible. Why does the Government think that by adding vandalism to its other vices it will repair its popularity? Are they hoping to appeal to the punk element in the electorate?

Weekend Competition

No 2464 Set by M. K. Cheesman

Almost the only radio station not to have a phone-in programme is Radio 3. Extracts, please (but not too obvious) from the sort of esoteric exchanges that might result. 200 words by 3 June.

Result of No 2461 Set by M. V. Gracechurch

There is an American handbook on how to become an industrial spy. Competitors were asked for extracts from *Teach Yourself Grievous Bodily Harm* and similar primers.

Report by A. Doctor

A good comp, we always feel, should be not only instructive and amusing but also socially therapeutic; so we were very pleased to see you all getting it out of your systems. We could have retitled this one 'What I want to do when I grow up . . .' and got almost exactly the same entries. Rape, of course, was your favourite ambition, and there was a nasty moment when a batch of entries went astray and we had to pull Fat Jeff off a spreadeagled (and by no means obstructive) Ms Prince. Some of the *genuinely* sick entries have been passed on to the Forum Advisor, with whom (you may or may not know) we have an informal arrangement; and we hope everything works out well. £7 for Hamill; £6 the rest.

The Rev. Ian Paisley's Guide to Football Hooliganism

LEADER: . . . United's playin' away. We're banned, so it's the Paisley Plan. All got yer wossname 'andbooks an' that?

SUPPORTERS: Yas Guv!

LEADER: Narren! You geysers in Paisley strip . . . 'Iggins! BBC bloke arsts abaht bover. What's yer answer?

HIGGINS (shouts): THA PACKETS WAL NOT AN'AFERE WATH ANABODAS DAMACRA'IC FRAYDOM!

LEADER: Fair . . . but yer collar-stud goes at the back, yer stoopid git! 'Awkins! Where'll you be?

HAWKINS (loudly): OI SHOLL BA STAUNDING WITH MA BAUNNER AN THA THUCK OF UT! . . .

LEADER: Bleedin' stroll on! Don't look at yer soddin feet, 'Awkins. Yer eyes'll drop aht. 'Ead up! Nah, we're accused of violence, an' . . .

HAWKINS (bawls): UT'S A PARK-A-LAYS! A DUS-GRACE TA THA CHRAS'ION RALAGION!

LEADER: Right! Nah, Chunky, ITV reporter sez we're intimidatin' the locals?

CHUNKY: WAH REDDA TA BRANG ANDUSTA TO A STAUNSTILL. THEY CAUN BRANG THA POLE-ISS, AUND THA BRA'ISH TREWPS. AHM A MANAS'ER OF THA CHUCH, STAUNDING AGANST ANTAMADATION. AHM . . .

LEADER: Aright . . . Aright! Shut yer effin' cake'ole. An' part yer 'air proper. Nah! You pickets; sunglasses on! Wot we protesting abaht?

ALL: THA POLA'ICAL SA'UATION AT WAST-MANSTER!

LEADER: Right! They can't touch us! In the bleedin' coach lads . . .

GERRY HAMILL

Daddies and mummies can be very, very nasty. This book tells you how to get your own back. Almost anything can be used.

TOILET PAPER: unroll about three feet, make slits with daddy's razor blade, roll back.

PINS: with mummy's tweezers, push one (head first) into her lipstick, till it just disappears. Same with daddy's shaving stick.

FISH: two weeks before friends come to stay, make a little hole in the spare bed mattress and put in a kipper, etc.

PILLS: Mummies especially use these. Swap them round, like those from the brown bottle into the plastic container, and so on.

BOTTLES: Daddies mostly use these. Pour some from one bottle into another, but only those roughly the same colour.

SHIRTS: when daddy puts one in the linen basket for washing, sprinkle it with perfume borrowed from a school chum.

Now, hide this book and read the other 100 pages only when alone. Send Five Pounds from daddy's wallet, for a badge to wear in *secret*!

W. S. BROWNLIE

From The Joy of Incest:

Aunts and Uncles. If you can get over the prejudice, this will prove a welcome rest from sibling or parental incest. Indeed, as it combines the excitement of leaping the generation gap with the lack of inhibition provided by operating away from home (and, if you are lucky, a partner not too dissimilar in age), the odds are that you will take to it quite readily. But beware of two pitfalls. The first is that, during foreplay, your A. or U. will remark, 'How you've grown', or words to that effect. The second is that, once it's all over, he or she will slip you 50p. Yet you never know: these may be the kind of extras that can render an encounter especially memorable.

V. F. CORLEONE

So you want to be a flasher? Good! Wanting to is half the battle!

But don't just rush off and start.

There are many months of hard work ahead now that the government have made law the proposals put forward by us here at the National Alfresco Doing-Grubby-Exhibitions Respectabilisation Society (NADGERS).

Before you can 'come out', as we say in the trade, you must satisfy a Nationaliser of Yucky Acts and Furtive Fun (a NYAFF) that . . . a) your technique is up to standard (you will be tested on a 'dry run' with a black pudding); b) you can escape, with no more than superficial injuries, when pursued across rough ground, with your trousers round your ankles, by two irate lady golfers and an interested hairdresser; and c) you can maintain an erection in the face of sustained scoffing by a trained nurse.

First, training. Don't give up yet!!! We suggest starting the day with deep breathing exercises . . . fling the telephone kiosk door open wide and really fill those lungs. Next, bending and stretching (see illustration under tissue paper) . . .

C. BENFIELD



Tony Miles Chess

No 34 European Team Championship

The recent European Team Championship resulted in yet another resounding victory for the USSR. Having not taken part in the Olympiad at Haifa, the Russians were obviously intent on re-asserting their superiority, and this they did in most convincing fashion. The scores: 1. USSR 41½/56, 2. Hungary 31, 3. Yugoslavia 30, 4. Romania 29, 5. Bulgaria 25, 6. W. Germany 25, 7. Czechoslovakia 21½, England 21. The Russian team treated all opposition much alike, winning four matches 6-2, two 5½-2½ and one 6½-1½, taking eight of the ten board prizes outright, sharing a ninth and missing only that of board 2 where Petrosian seemed to be suffering after-effects of his loss to Korchnoy. Karpov's result was outstanding, winning all five of his games on board 1, including a win against Portisch in

23 moves with black.

The English result was miserable. The individual scores (in board order) were: Keene 2/6, Hartston 2/7, Stean 2½/6, Nunn 3½/7, Mestel 2/6, Whiteley 1/6, Webb 4/7, Bellin 2½/6, Speedman 1/3 and Goodman ½/2. In principle, this team should have been stronger than the one which finished sixth in the previous final, and from the results it would seem that its members simply didn't play too well.

This week's game is one of Karpov's less impressive efforts from the current Las Palmas tournament.

White: W. S. Browne

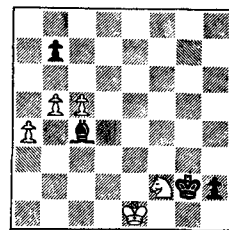
Black: A. Karpov

1. N-KB3, N-KB3; 2. P-B4, P-K3; 3. P-Q4, P-QN3; 4. P-KN3, B-N2; 5. B-N2, B-K2; 6. O-O; 7. N-B3, P-Q4; 8. N-K5, N-R3; 9. B-B4, P-B4; 10. R-B1, N-K5; 11. BP x P, KP x P; 12. B-K3, Q-Q3; 13. N-B4, Q-K3; 14. N x N, P x KN; 15. P x P, N x P; 16. Q-B2, QR-B1; 17. Q-N1, KR-Q1; 18. P-N3, P-B4; 19. R-B2, N-R3; 20. R-Q1, B-Q4; 21. N-N2, N-N5; 22. R(2)-Q2, N-B3; 23. N-R4, B-B3; 24. B x NP, P x B; 25. N x P, N-N5. A dubious attempt to complicate. 25... N-K2 is simple and better. 26. N x R, B-B6; 27. P-QR3, B x R; 28. R x B, P-K6; 29. R-Q4, P x P; 30. K x P, R x N; 31. R x N, B x B; 32. K x B, Q x P ch; 33. K-R3. I noticed that this move was written very faintly on Karpov's scoresheet, in distinct contrast to

the rest of the game. I suspect he overlooked its strength. 33... R-B7; 34. Q-KR1 R-Q7; 35. R-N8 ch?? Here 35. Q-R8 ch wins easily. Unfortunately Browne was in dire time trouble and missed it. 35... K-B2; 36. R-N4, K-N3; 37. Q-B6 ch, K-N4; 38. Q-R1, Q-N5 ch. White resigned. When all else fails Karpov's luck seems to hold with miraculous consistency.

Problem 34

Black to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked not later than Wednesday 1 June.



Solution to Problem 32

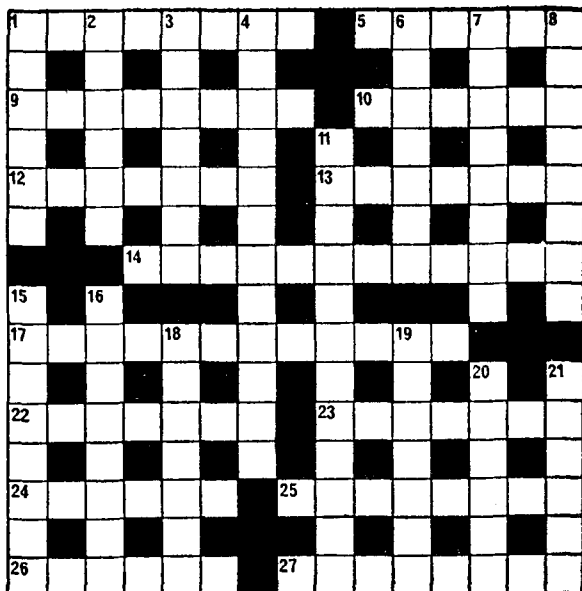
1... Q-N4! 2. Q x Q (if 2. Q-K2, R-R7! or 2. Q-B3, R-KB5! 3. P x R, Q x P ch; 4. K-R4, P-N4 ch; 5. P x P, P x P ch; 6. K-R5, Q-N3 mate). P x Q; 3. P-B6 (3. R-N2, P-N5 ch; and other moves lose as in the game), R-R5 ch! 4. P x R, P-N5 mate.

March prizewinners

There were four winners in March. C. McSheehy and M. Burn share first prize (£14 each). G. Taylor took third (£12) and N. Maclean fourth (£10).

Weekend Crossword 1216

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1216, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 31 May.



ACROSS

- Verse which goes from fertiliser to harvest (8).
- Spells of writing after holiday places (6).
- A cynic makes me pinch most of the cat (8).
- Principal product which is not fresh with a soft interior (6).
- A vegetable gives one a greeting in the street (7).
- Succeed in it without a female (7).
- American base that would suit Bizet's fishermen? (5, 7).
- Played without practice and unexpectedly exposed merit (12).
- Cricketer who provides publicity for the railways? (7).
- Reasons for remains (7).
- Nothing to equip in the beginning (6).
- Drinking place where a man turns back into an unpleasant insect (8).
- Enlist to join battle (6).

- In the desert supplying oil and dates (8).

DOWN

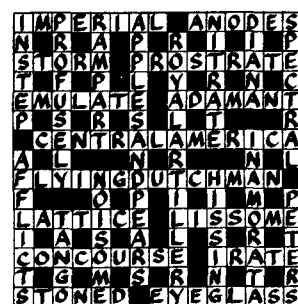
- Puts me in the Final, although suffering the worst injuries (6).
- Strange lament of the mind (6).
- Rebuff makes the theatre employ about fifty (7).
- Musical technique which makes scorer superior to score (12).
- One who throws a pot? (7).
- Use prior possibly as a religious leader (8).
- Clothes we assert need changing (8).
- Put a single thing right and you will have good singers (12).
- College port (8).
- Performance of naval or cooking vessel (8).
- Silent acting (7).
- It's about time for a meal of chop and ale (7).

- 'Yet ev'n these bones from — to protect' (Gray) (6).

- When making a foreign port change notes before starting to disembark (6).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1214



Prizewinners to No 1214

Janet Mearns (Northampton)
Mr & Mrs James (Zurich)
T. Mansel (Ilford)

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PERIGORD VERT. Small farmhouse in lovely setting 50km North Perigueux. £50 p.w. Available June, July. 1st week August, last 3 weeks Sept./Oct. 01-225 6168 before 9 a.m. & after 6 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

LOWEST COST JET FLIGHTS

Experts in World-Wide Travel to EUROPE, MIDDLE EAST, SOUTH & EAST AFRICA, FAR EAST & AUSTRALIA.

For details contact:
K.T.S. Travel, 9 Queen's House,
Leicester Place, London WC2.
(Airline Agents). Tel: 01-437 5005.

STUDENTS! AMERICA from £119.85 return. Flights from Dublin. Contact USIT, 189 Wardour St. W1. 01-437 1474. ATOL 822C.

SUFFOLK - Holiday cottage, near sea, sleep 6. Orford/Aldburgh area. Reasonable rents. Booked 7-28 August. S.a.e. please. Mrs Sherwen, Wreights House, The Mall, Faversham, Kent. Faversham 2395.

GOING WEST? Stay 'en route' in comfortable cottage at Bridport Harbour. B. & B. £3. Ring 0308 22926.

FLYING TO NORTH AMERICA? Don't move before consulting the Project Guide to North American Air Fares. S.a.e. Project 67 (NS) 21 Little Russell St. WC1. 01-242 3506.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam & Paris daily £10. Athens £25. Barcelona £26. Copenhagen £25. Morocco £47. 74 Shaftesbury Ave. W1. 439 0729. 439 0557.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa. Haymarket Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

TURKEY & CYPRUS. Unique 30 day overland expedition 19 August. £150. Topkapli Sarafi, 48 Derwent Avenue, East Barnet, Herts. 01-361 0601.

SPECIALISTS IN AUSTRALIA AND THE FAR EAST

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25 Queen's House (3rd Floor),
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BEST VALUE FARES. regular reliable departures. World-Wide and European destinations. MAS. Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. 439 8511 (answerphone) 2/3.

FLY NOW! Better value than ever to Australia, Far & Middle East, Africa, USA & European destinations. Selvi Holidays. 313a Hoe St, E17. 01-520 7911/521 6623.

NO SURCHARGES !!

Athens £69; Alicante £60;
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Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School, 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

APPOINTMENTS

COMMUNITY INDUSTRY PERSONNEL MANAGER

Central London

Starting salary £4,678

(including supplement of £313 and London weighting of £465)

We are a government granted organisation employing throughout Great Britain those young people who have difficulty in getting and keeping jobs. Our purpose is to help them gain better employment opportunities by developing their work and associated skills through practical work experience on environmental and community tasks combined with extensive individual personal support and guidance.

We have 42 area offices employing about 4,600 people. The position is based in the London office but some travel throughout Great Britain will be necessary.

We require a Personnel Manager to plan, advise and administer all aspects of industrial relations and personnel policy including recruitment and selection, the review of terms and conditions of service and the maintenance of personnel records and manpower statistics. The successful candidate will have had management, administrative and negotiating experience and a sincere interest in both people and youth employment.

Further details, application form and job specification from: Community Industry, King House, 11 Westbourne Grove, London W2 4UA. (Tel: 01-229 9713).

ASSISTANT REQUIRED FOR EDITOR'S SECRETARY

Applicant should be between 18 and 22, have good shorthand and typing skills and be prepared to help on switchboard (training given if required). Salary to £2,430 p.a. LVs £2 p.w. 4 weeks holiday in a full year.

Please contact

Vicki Rowsell on 405 8471

at the NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.

RESEARCH OFFICER

THE POLICE FEDERATION is shortly to appoint a Research Officer at its headquarters in Surbiton, Surrey.

The Police Federation is the representative body for more than 100,000 police officers in England and Wales. It negotiates pay and conditions on a national basis and is concerned in the professional development of the police service.

The advertised position is a new post and the successful applicant will be expected to set up the department. Relevant experience in this field would be an obvious advantage, together with an appreciation of industrial relations, bargaining procedures and economics. The work will be extremely varied and the research officer will play a major part in the preparation of reports and formulating policies. Whilst the Federation operates throughout the country, it is beginning to increase its participation in the work of European police organisations.

The commencing salary will be £4000 + London Weighting. We offer excellent conditions of service, including a superannuation scheme. We have in mind a person in the 25 to 35 age group.

Applicants should write to the Secretary at the address below, giving full details of career to date and enclosing the names of two referees. All applications will be dealt with in strict confidence.

POLICE FEDERATION
15 Langley Rd. Surbiton Surrey

Bórd Sláinte an Iarthair Western Health Board

CHILD and FAMILY GUIDANCE SERVICE

We offer an out-patient diagnostic and treatment service at Lyradoon Family Centre in Galway and through regular clinics at other towns throughout our area. The overall approach is psychotherapeutic with an emphasis on family therapy; within this context behavioural methods are used.

Plans for a Day-Centre and Residential Treatment Unit are in an advanced stage and the following additional staff are required:

Psychiatric Social Worker - 2 Posts

QUALIFICATIONS: A candidate must possess:

- (i) A degree or diploma in Social Science from a recognised University or equivalent
- (ii) A recognised post-graduate qualification in Psychiatric Social Work or equivalent

SALARY SCALE: £3,674 - £4,313 per annum.

Experience in relation to children's services, and/or family guidance will be an advantage.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, Western Health Board, Merlin Park Regional Hospital, Galway. The latest date for receipt of completed application forms is 5 p.m. on 2 June 1977.

NATIONAL UNION OF BANK EMPLOYEES

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

The National Union of Bank Employees require an Organiser to work in the London area. Previous experience in this type of employment an advantage. Commencing salary £4,011 p.a. on scale rising to £4,815 p.a. Car provided, good holidays and conditions of service.

Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts held should be addressed to the: **National Organiser, NUBE, 57 Churchill Way, Cardiff CF1 4HG** not later than Wednesday 15 June 1977.

RESEARCH OFFICER

ENGINEERS' AND MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION (E.M.A.)

Incorporating the

ELECTRICAL POWER ENGINEERS' ASSOCIATION (E.P.E.A.)

Applications are invited for the post of Research Officer to the Engineers' and Managers' Association, which is the union representing 45,000 engineers, scientists and managers. The E.M.A. is the federal body created this year by the E.P.E.A. to cover both its membership in the electricity supply industry and the new members it is now recruiting in private industry.

The duties cover the full range of research and information work required by a trade union, and embraces both work for collective bargaining purposes, and longer term research activity on such topics as pay policy. Applicants should have a degree in economics or the social sciences, or be of a similar standard of ability. Experience or knowledge of trade union work and/or industry will be an advantage.

The salary is on a scale ranging from £4,900 p.a. to £7,550 p.a. Starting salary will be according to experience.

Further details of the post can be obtained from:

The General Secretary, Engineers and Managers' Association, Station House, Fox Lane North, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 9HW.

Closing date: 20 June 1977.

AGE CONCERN ASSISTANT EDITOR

wanted for busy editorial department of this national charity, to help with all aspects of compiling and producing a wide range of publications, including books, a quarterly journal and news-sheet. Salary in range £2,694 - £2,957 p.a. Subsidised canteen, 4 weeks holidays, pension scheme.

Further details from Administrative Secretary, Age Concern, Bernard Sunley House, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3LL. Closing date for applications 3 June 1977.

UNIVERSITY OF BOTSWANA AND SWAZILAND

(University College, Botswana)

Applications are invited for the posts of (a) PROFESSOR and (b) LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AND ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES. Applicants for post (a) must have a Ph.D. or equivalent in Political Science and substantial experience in a senior academic position. They must have had wide teaching and research experience and have demonstrated academic excellence through a publications record or other appropriate manner. The appointee will be expected to take a leading role in the affairs of the department. A demonstrated interest in the Southern African region would be an advantage. While it is expected that the appointee will be familiar with most areas of political Science and Public Administration, a special interest in one or more of the following areas would be an advantage: Public Administration in the Development process; Political Development; Comparative Politics. Applicants for post (b) must have, at least, an MA in Public Administration or Political Science and a general competence in the area of Public Administration in the development process. Significant administrative and/or African experience would be an advantage. Courses to be taught are Administration of Rural Development; Financial Administration and Comparative Development Administration, although not all courses are offered in any one academic year.

Appointments will be on permanent or, in the case of expatriates, contract terms. Contracts will normally be for two, four or six years. Salary scales: (a) P7,344 - P7,836 p.a. (b) P4,272 - P5,700 p.a. (£1 sterling = P1.50 approximately). The British Government may supplement salary of Professor by £2,808 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees or £2,004 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (normally free of all tax and usually reviewed annually) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. This supplementation is unlikely to be provided for appointee to Lectureship level. Gratuity equivalent to 25% of basic salary for the first tour for contract staff, rising to 27½% and 30% for the second and third tours respectively. 30% inducement allowance for expatriates not qualifying for any supplementation scheme. Family passages; baggage allowance; university education allowances for appointees not qualifying for supplementation; vacation leave; Medical Aid Scheme. Detailed applications (3 copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees should be forwarded, by airmail, not later than 21 June 1977 to the Registrar, University College, Botswana, Private Bag 0022, Gaborone, Botswana. Applicants resident in UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars are available from either address.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND TEMPORARY LECTURER IN JOURNALISM

The successful applicant will have had wide professional experience in the media — newspapers, magazines, radio, or television, or a combination of any — preferably overseas as well as in Australia. The emphasis in teaching will be on the practice of journalism, but courses will also include instruction on ethics, media research, and journalism law. Appropriate academic qualifications are desirable, but serious consideration will be given to strong professional experience and qualifications. The appointee will be expected to take up duty in November/December 1977, and the appointment will expire on 31 December, 1978. 4.6.77.

Salary: \$A14,147 - \$A18,686 per annum.

Other Benefits:

Travelling and removal expenses within Australia or from New Zealand. Single economy airfare only from overseas.

Additional information and application forms are available from The Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Apts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, UK.

UNIVERSITY OF KHARTOUM - SUDAN

Applications are invited for the following posts in the INSTITUTE OF AFRICAN AND ASIAN STUDIES (Department of African and Asian Studies):

1. RESEARCH FELLOW IN AFRICAN POLITICS.
2. RESEARCH FELLOW IN MIDDLE EASTERN POLITICS.
3. RESEARCH FELLOW IN ECONOMICS.
4. RESEARCH FELLOW IN SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY.

Appointments will be made at either Senior Lecturer or Lecturer level. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer £52,465 - £53,000 p.a. Lecturer £51,600 - £52,400 p.a. (£1 sterling = £50.59). The British Expatriates Supplementation Scheme will not apply to these appointments. Family passages; various allowances; superannuation scheme; annual overseas leave. Detailed applications (2 copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees, should be sent by airmail, not later than 10 June 1977 to the Personnel Secretary, University of Khartoum, PO Box 321, Khartoum, Sudan. Applicants resident in UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

ASSISTANT TO ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR - SCRIPTS

An interesting post has recently become vacant in the script department of the National Theatre for an assistant to the Associate Director - Scripts. The responsibilities of the person appointed will include receiving all scripts submitted to the National Theatre and arranging for reading, reports and records. He or she will assist the Associate Director in contacts with dramatists and translators, arrange for the preparation of production scripts and maintain the National Theatre's working library. Candidates must possess an Arts Degree and a knowledge of French or German would be an asset as would secretarial training. Previous experience in publishing, theatre administration or literary agency or research would be of decided advantage.

Applications should be made in writing, giving details of qualifications and experience to Liz Kennedy, The National Theatre, South Bank, London SE1.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

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to co-ordinate the Fund-Raising activities — directed largely to business, industrial, Trust, individual and Local Authority sources for a Training Centre for the young mentally handicapped. Responsibility will be to a Board of Trustees concerned with providing funds for new accommodation and other purposes.

A background of proven achievement is required, not necessarily in fund-raising but in business, industry or public service, linked to the ability to master a new discipline.

The position calls for a willingness to work outside ordinary office hours, judgement and objectivity, and is suited to a self-starter able to work without supervision.

Preferred age over 34. Starting salary negotiable up to £4,000. Usual benefits.

Comprehensive fund-raising training will be provided.

Information and application form from: The Development Office, St Raphael's Training Centre, Cooper's Lane Road, POTTERS BAR, Hertfordshire. (Tel: Potters Bar 43064) Closing date — 30 May 1977.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

RESEARCHER for the Latin America department. To investigate human rights situations and individual cases in Latin America. Work involves preparing prisoner biographies, background reports, briefing missions and formulating policy.

Principal requirements: Specialist knowledge of Latin America, its history and politics; background in related academic studies; objective political judgement. Fluent Spanish essential. French an advantage.

Salary £4,113 per annum. Closing date 10 June 1977. Position will be based in London.

Application form: Amnesty International, 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8SP. Tel.: 01-404 5831 Ext. 29.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

DOCUMENTALIST for its Headquarters based in London. The successful candidate should possess a relevant professional qualification together with experience in Documentation Centre work and the handling of audiovisual material. They should also be interested in International Affairs and able to work as part of a team. English and Spanish essential, other languages an advantage. Salary £4,113 per annum. Closing date: 10 June 1977.

For further details contact 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8SP or phone 01-404 5831 Ext. 29.

BRITISH ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION Require a North West ORGANISER

to work in the variety field. Salary on scale £4,068-£4,418 plus LVs.

Please apply for application form and further details to:

Miss Shirley Mann,
British Actors' Equity Association,
8 Harley Street,
London W1N 2AB.
01-636 6367

PUBLICITY ASSISTANT

Busy Public Relations department seeks ASSISTANT to work on Press Relations and publicity campaigns. Previous journalistic or PR experience desirable; writing ability essential. Salary scale commencing at £3,756 (including London allowance). Applications to: The General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BD not later than 30 May.

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Throughout Central London we recruit for employers in commerce, industry and the professions, publishing, insurance banking etc. Please call to discuss your own individual needs.

110 Strand, London WC2 (opp. Strand Palace Hotel) 01-836 6644

RESEARCH OFFICER required by the Co-operative Party. Applicants must have a sound knowledge of the Co-operative Movement. Salary according to age and experience. Application forms and job description from David Wise, The Co-operative Party, 158 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9UB. Applications to be returned by Monday, 20 June.

INTER-ACTION NEEDS SUMMER volunteers to work with children on City Farm 1, Talacre Adventure Playground and with Dogg's Troupe. Also experienced driver with HGV licence for Fun-Art Bus (mobile theatre) and stage manager for Almost Free Theatre (summer only).

'COME TO OUR OPEN EVENING', Thurs., 26 May, 8.15 p.m. Discussion and media presentation of our work plus introduction to Inter-Action Method. Please arrive on time. Further information: Wendy, Inter-Action, Talacre Open Space, 54-90 Prince of Wales Rd. NW5 (phone: 01-485 0881).

£40 PER WEEK for Night Receptionist. Live in. Duty 8.45 p.m.-6.30 a.m., sleep 1 a.m.-6.30 a.m. 6 day week. Hotel close to British Museum. References required. Tel. Assistant Manager 01-637 3955.

BOOK PUBLISHING SECRETARY needed for two editors. Good literate s.h. typing. Also help in author contact and all facets editing art books, sport books, fiction. Salary to £3,000. Ring for appointment: Hodson 01-359 3711.

ABINGDON CLP seeks prospective parliamentary candidate. Details as soon as possible to Secretary, 27 High St, Abingdon, Oxon.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street. W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

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MEDIA/ARTS post sought by ex-teacher (primary to HE) with ETV experience (presenting, writing, directing). Six years Central Africa. Soon graduating BA Humanities (Music, Art, Film). Experienced in musical, theatrical, film societies. Box 7691.

Fellowship

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Applications are invited from practising writers with a special interest in the theatre for an Arts Council Creative Writing Fellowship from October 1977 - July 1978.

Salary approximately £4,500

For further details write to: The Deputy Director, Manchester Polytechnic, All Saints, Manchester M15 6BX. Closing date for applications 17 June 1977.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

SCHOOL OF ECONOMIC STUDIES

Postgraduate Studentships 1977/78

The School has been awarded the following SSRC quotas for the academic year 1977/78, and applications are invited from potential candidates for the degrees of MA or M.Phil.: MA Transport Economics (3 one-year awards); MA Economic History (2 one-year awards); MA Economic Statistics (1 one-year award); and M.Phil. Economics (2 two-year awards); M. Phil. Economic History (2 two-year awards).

The MA is undertaken by course work and written examination (for Transport Economics and Economic History a dissertation is also required) and the M.Phil. by research, with the possibility of upgrading to Ph.D. and the extension of the award.

Further details and an application form obtainable from the Postgraduate Admissions Tutor, School of Economic Studies, University of Leeds LS2 9JT.

Courses

Continued from p. 696

CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

Upper Harley Street,
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TRAINING COURSE 1977-80

This three-year programme in psychotherapy consists of weekly seminars and groups in the evening. Introduction to family and group therapy provided, as well as supervision for first patients. Applicants should have a University Degree, or relevant professional experience in working with people. Individual psychotherapy essential.

All lectures by psychoanalysts, psychotherapists and psychiatrists.

Telephone:
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To provide basic psychotherapeutic experience for those who already work with people, or want to know more about them. The one year course comprises weekly seminars and a weekly group.

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A. P. Ormay, A.G.I.P.,
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COMPREHENSIVE MORTGAGE & Insurance Service. Jacques, Norman & Co. Ltd, 398 Rayners Lane, Pinner, Middx. 01-868 2355. Federated Insurance Brokers.

Publications

JESSICA MITFORD will sign copies of her book 'Fine Old Conflict' Tues, 24 May at 12.30. Collet's International Bookshop, 129 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (nr Centre Point).

PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM, issue No. 8. Articles by Paul Sweezy, Fred Halliday, Jonathan Schiffer on China, Imperialism and Russia, 50p from BICO Printers, 9 Denmark Street, London WC2.

YOGA & LIFE: new quarterly magazine for those interested in new, rewarding way of living. Specimens—30p from 9 Old Bond Street, London W1.

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NW8. Double room in shared flat, July to September. Box 7759.

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W14. Large, single room in quiet household. £15 p.w. 937 0313 2.30-5.30 p.m.

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Accom. Wanted

HOMESITTER, AVAILABLE NOW. Prof. m., 30s. will care for your home while you're away, for up to 1 year. Best refs. Box 7481.

QUIET, TIDY, academic m., 40, sks room NW12 area. Will babysit/help out. 794 4809.

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VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

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3 GIRLS seek work abroad in exchange for board & lodging from Sept. Speak English, French, Swedish, Spanish. Will travel anywhere, do anything. Box 7521

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PERSONABLE EXECUTIVE, 37, with general interests, sense of humour, seeks sincere female for friendship. Islington. Box 7654.

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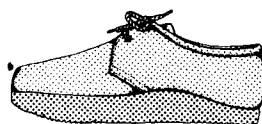
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Vol. 93 No. 2409

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ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded booking info: 836 5332. 'Destiny and King Lear' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats'.

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. Tonight & 26 May at 7 p.m., 21 May at 2 & 7 'Waters of the Moon' by N. C. Hunter. Preview 23 May at 7. 24 & 25 May at 7, 26 May at 2 'In Order of Appearance'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Abigail's Party' devised and directed by Mike Leigh. Ends Sat. 21 May 8 p.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evens 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. Annette Crosbie & Dudley Sutton in 'Curse of the Starving Class'. The play is outstanding... brilliant. Time Out. Last week.

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SUGAWN THEATRE, Duke of Wellington, Balls Pond Road, N1, presents 'At Swim—Two-Birds' by Flann O'Brien adapted by Audrey Welsh. 24 May at 7.30 p.m. 25-26 May, 30 May-2 June, 6-8 June at 8 p.m. Adm. 70p. Tickets bookable 254 1458.

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Meetings

HULL PRISON RIOT

The public inquiry into last
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 held under the chairmanship of

JOHN PLATTS-MILLS QC
 during the 4 days Friday 27 May
 to Monday 30 May.

Daily 10-12.30 & 2-4.30.
 Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

Further details from
 PROP, The National Prisoner's
 Movement, 32a Park Road, Col-
 liers Wood, SW19. 01-542 3744.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower
 St, WC1E 6BT). The Barlow Lecture on
 Dante by Professor J. H. Whitfield, Dante
 and the Roman World, Wednesday 1 June
 at 5.30. Admission Free, without ticket.

GERDA BOYSEN lectures on 'Biodynamic
 Psychology' every Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.
 Adm. £1. Acacia House, Centre Avenue, The
 Vale, Acton Park, London W3. 743 2437.

'THE FAMILY & HANDICAP - The Multi-
 Disciplinary Approach to Support Services'.
 Conference 14 June, Royal College of Sur-
 geons. Details: Friendship Group of Char-
 ities, 3 Tottenham Close, Kenton, Middx.
 (907 3024 or ICAA 730 9891).

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'BLASPHEMY' IN 1977. Public meeting.
 Speakers: Edward Blighen, Brian Sedgemoor
 MP, Nicolas Walter, Barbara Smoker (chair).
 Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn,
 WC1. Friday, 27 May. 7.45 p.m. Organisers:
 National Secular Society, 702 Holloway
 Road, London N19. Phone 272 1266.

THE HISTORY & IMPORTANCE OF THE
 Fabian Society. Dame Margaret Cole. Sat. 28
 May at 11 a.m. Assembly Hall, Westminster
 Central Hall, London SW1. 50p. Open to all.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY.
 Mike Harris. Transport 2000 on 'Effective
 Transport Policy'. 25 May 7.30, 62 March-
 mont St. WC1. All welcome. Collection.

YVES COPPENS, Sous-Directeur du Musée
 de l'Homme, will give a lecture on 'Les
 Origines de l'Homme' on Thursday 26 May
 at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queens-
 berry Place, SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext. 38.
 Admission free.

END COLLABORATION WITH AMIN. Pub-
 lic meeting to expose the present régime in
 Uganda and the role of British interests in
 giving it economic support. Speakers: Joan
 Lester, MP; A representative of the Uganda
 Human Rights Group; Peter Hain, Thurs. 26
 May, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion
 Square, London WC1. Further details Uganda
 Freedom Committee, 61 Ronalds Rd, N5.
 Tel. 874 2420.

'THE KELMSCOTT PRESS' Kelmscott House
 Colloquy, William Morris Centre, 26 Upper
 Mall, London W6. Saturday 28 May 10.30
 a.m. to 5 p.m. £3.00 (incl. buffet lunch).
 Registration forms & info: 01-748 5618.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square,
 London SW1. Sat. 21 May 3 p.m. 'Open
 Day'. Tues. 24 May 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing
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 Lecture 'Karma and Rebirth' - S. Menon
 Marath. All welc. Send s.a.e. for full prog.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic
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